

Life

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February
1932



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**DOUBLE
EAGLE**
by

GOODYEAR



"George Giske" by Holbein

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Johnny comes marching home

Any small boy's mother knows that sudden sinking of the heart, that premonition of impending disaster.

He's coming home . . . into the yard and up the steps. No loitering . . . no laughter . . . no cat-calls to "the gang." A little group of them, pale-faced and excited, watch his progress from the curb. And Johnny marches in. His eyes look very big and wide . . . his lips are puckered in a tremulous attempt at a whistle . . . he holds his left hand at the wrist and the ends of his fingers are red. . . .

"Aw, it's nothing, Ma," says he. "We were down at the lumber-yard. I got it jammed under a plank."

* * *

As long as boys are boys they will meet with accidents. But a modern mother

doesn't lose her head. When Johnny comes marching home she telephones the doctor and follows his instructions in administering first aid. And when it's all over she gives her boy a pat on the back for being a good soldier. The steady spread of common sense and preparedness has made cuts and bruises far less dangerous than they used to be.

See to it that your own cabinet is stocked with reliable first-aid materials and the simple, effective home necessities that now contribute so much to family health. And if you would be sure of their purity and quality, consider the name of the manufacturer.

Products made by E. R. Squibb & Sons have established a tradition of reliability that has been growing for 74 years. Their unvarying excellence is trusted without question by physicians and hospitals. Good druggists everywhere are proud

to display the Squibb Seal above their counters. And throughout the land the public has come to share this confidence—to recognize that when a product bears the Squibb label it contains the Priceless Ingredient: the Honor and Integrity of the Maker.

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MANUFACTURING CHEMISTS TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION SINCE 1858

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IN the heart of the Florida West Coast Resort section—a delightful hotel wherein you will find any type of accommodations you may require, from single rooms to completely furnished housekeeping apartments wherein you will find all the appointments for your comfort and the alert attention to your every need, characteristic of the service in all the Florida-Collier Coast Hotels.

Hotel MANATEE RIVER

BRADENTON FLORIDA

GO TO FLORIDA



THIS YEAR

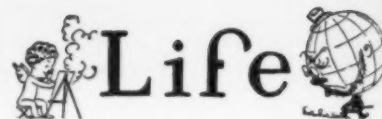


"Well, we did it!"



"I thought I told you to keep out of the newspapers?"

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"BE Mouth-Happy"



When the wisecracks come fast and furious, and the merriment stops the clock... remember Spud! Old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment, while you smoke... and a clean taste in your mouth, when you sign off.

SMOKE SPLUDS

MENTHOL-COOLED



CIGARETTES

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Let Him Hear



MANY a bright child is unjustly blamed for dullness because he cannot hear what his teacher says. She may not know that his hearing is defective.

There are hundreds of thousands of such children in school now. If their ears are neglected, they will probably repeat grades much more often than other children.

Any school which is equipped with a phonograph audiometer can discover its hard of hearing children, a large proportion of whom can be saved from lifelong deafness provided they receive expert care and attention.

Common colds, especially when involving the nasal sinuses, are a frequent cause of deafness. Noses should be blown gently, or infected mucus may be forced through the tubes into the middle ear and cause deafness.

After an attack of measles, diphtheria, scarlet fever, meningitis or infantile paralysis, the ears should be examined to see if any condition which might cause deafness remains in the tubes leading to the ears. Diseased tonsils, adenoids, or running ears often lead to deafness. Undernourishment may have a definite relation to impairment of hearing.

For more than 12 years a national service organization has been warning against quack remedies and giving information concerning hearing aids, vocational and employment problems, hearing tests for children and lip reading instruction.

It has also assisted in forming local leagues for the deafened which have helped thousands to readjust their lives. Many of these leagues have auditorium earphone sets, amplified radios and demonstrations of standard hearing aids.

It is prepared to help those who have few social contacts and who are isolated in small villages and remote places. If you have any sort of hearing problem which you long to talk over with some one who will listen—and understand—write enclosing a self-addressed envelope to the American Federation of Organizations for the Hard of Hearing, Inc., 1537—35th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

There are millions of adults in the United States whose ear troubles were neglected in their childhood, or later, and who are now permanently deafened. Their number cannot be known since many of them are so reticent, so sensitive about their handicap that they make every effort to conceal it.

With increasing deafness, year after year, there often comes to the hard of hearing a feeling that there is a constantly growing barrier—an invisible wall—between themselves and their fellows.

Deafened persons are often persuaded to buy worthless devices and nostrums which do more harm than good. The victims suffer in silence.

However, there are scientifically constructed instruments which amplify sound and do aid impaired hearing. Ear specialists can advise regarding them.

But when all scientific aids to hearing fail, lip reading offers a rescue to old and young. It should be an essential part of the education of every child whose hearing is impaired.

Much of the deafness among adults, now incurable, could have been prevented if the cause had been detected and properly treated during childhood.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Life



"Whom do I see about the bright sayings of my little boy?"

The ideal marriage is when a man finds a beautiful girl and a good housewife, says a philosopher. . . . We thought that was bigamy.

Queen Marie of Roumania is said to be planning another visit to America.

Don't do that! We'll make the loan!

It is a fact that singing is extremely beneficial in certain cases of deafness, says a medical column.

And vice-versa.

The President of Lehigh University says students have changed very little in the past thirty years. This is why parents who have sons or daughters in college worry.

SMITH: You seem to have a bad cold, old man. What are you doing for it?

BROWN: Today I'm doing what Craig told me to do. It's Jones' day tomorrow, and the next is Hidenheimer's. If I'm not better by Sunday, and if I'm alive, I will try your remedy. Will you please put it on this memo pad?

Three hundred thousand second-hand American radios are being shipped to Germany. . . . The way of the transgressor is hard!

Stronger and more active springs, declares a trade paper, will be a feature of this year's automobile.

And pedestrian?

According to a scientist the average human male is four times as strong as the female. With all due respect to the modern girl, we should say that this seems no longer necessary.

"COUNTRY'S WORST DEPRESSION SAYS ECONOMIST"
—NEWS ITEM



1609



1620



1625



1776



1830



1932

"Ain't it the truth!"

The Seventy-second Congress is in session.

"Walker's plea for Mooney was a farce," says an editorial in a California paper. Anyway, it was staged by the original New York company.

"States must collect money in boom years to tide them over lean years," says an economist. But nobody knows about a boom till it ends.

The proprietor of a Brooklyn furniture store whipped six bandits with his bare fists. People who owe furniture bills are not surprised.

"The year 1932," we read, "is called 'Shuturmovi' in Russia." We'll have to see more of it before we'll know what to call it.

"Six-day bicycle riders," says a sports writer, "do not attract the attention they once did." Most of us have been doing practically the same thing from Monday till Saturday since 1929.

The Democrats have a tough break. If business improves now the Republicans get the political jobs again, and if business doesn't improve the political jobs won't be worth having.

The juice of a South American plant is said to have the power to make the natives see visions of things that could never happen.

Well, up here we have Hollywood.

Accused of shooting her husband a Milwaukee woman told the judge she simply was not herself. The idea, it would seem, is that it served the man right for being with another woman.

"Millikan Warns Against Higher Education For All"—headline in New York American. We see the danger. If everyone went to college there wouldn't be anyone to give jobs to the college graduates.

Mahatma Gandhi is the subject of a new popular song. Sheet music, eh?

A newsreel picture shows Mussolini acting as judge in a baby show. There seems to be no limit to this man's personal bravery.

There were 111,000,000 fewer passengers in the New York subways and on the elevateds during the last fiscal year. Nobody noticed it.

Unemployed Detroit carpenters have established a shop where they will repair toys free. Now if we can only persuade Santa Claus to return monthly and pay the installments.

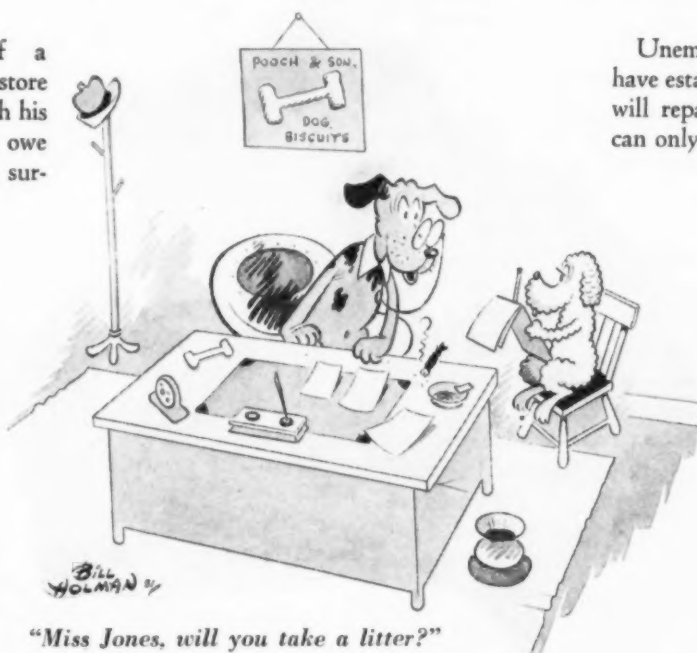
A booklet issued by the federal Public Health Service says horseback riding will relieve indigestion. All the sufferer needs now is a remedy for horseback riding.

It must be rather discouraging for starlight to travel several centuries and wind up by landing on the earth.

New Joisey spent \$19,518,578 on public schools during the past year.

Paul Whiteman's orchestra is broadcasting a number which is said to be a description of the Grand Canyon. It is so natural we hear of a man who dropped some old razor blades in his radio.

A prominent prizefighter has been complaining of pains in the shoulder. Probably writer's cramp.



In Abyssinia it is the custom to chain a debtor to his creditor. If this system were tried in America it would bring a great many people closer together.

A New Orleans man was recently jailed for selling four gallons of water as gasoline. He should have called it whisky.

Moving pictures are now being made of actual murder trials. But we believe the public won't be satisfied until they can see the actual murders in the newsreel.

Go On Living! . . . Gandhi and the Pope . . . England's Destiny

by E. S. Martin

THESE are lean times. The question in many minds is how long will these times last and can we outlast them. Innumerable people would like to hibernate with their families this winter. It is a pity they can't. It would bring their problems a good deal nearer the solution. As it is, shall we come as near to hibernation as we can or shall we go on living? In spite of the manifest attractions of hibernization, the answer to that must be GO ON LIVING.

If you can't live as you did, live as you didn't.

If you really amount to a little something your personality may be much more valuable than you suspect, and if you happen to have had a lot of money, the glare and care of that, and of perpetual planning for its disbursement may have obscured other values.

Money of course is helpful to the doing of many things, but there is much that can be done without it—great gifts that may be made, great helps afforded. There are things one can do with his hands, things with his head, things with his heart, and bad times bring increased opportunity to do them all. By talk, by sympathy, fear may be chased away, despair dispelled. When people don't know which way to turn, you may be able to make invaluable suggestions. Your smiles, your tears, your understanding, all are values quite unaffected by the fits of Wall Street or the wobbles of the gold standard.

Moreover, if you get to having other people on your mind, chances and means to help them multiply. The trouble with the world at present is not a lack of money—there is lots of it; not a lack of anything that grows or can be made—such things abound to excess. It is a lack of intelligence, of understanding of life, of brains and spirits consecrated to human welfare.

What you may have lost wouldn't have helped much even if you had it, but what you have left may help immensely if you have the heart, imagination and courage to use it.

IT has not been expressly asserted, but the understanding is that the Pope wanted to see Gandhi but did not feel that he should countenance Gandhi's scanty raiment. That was all right. Probably Gandhi needed somebody to tell him to keep his shirt on, and no one could have done it more considerately than the Pope.

This matter of how naked you can go is really crowding in upon attention. The girls have been experimenting with it and on the whole to the improvement of habits of attire. The Nudists go still further. One hears that in middle Europe, in summer, they fairly crowd upon attention. There are a few even here in New York. Policemen broke into a gymnasium the other day in which some of them were doing calisthenics, arrested a dozen or two of them and brought them to the attention

of a Court. But the Judge after careful inquiry into their proceedings and the effect of the proceedings on the policemen, dismissed them as not being provocative nor obtrusive of their novelties on public attention.

That was really good sense, and our brethren of the police force will kindly take notice that the profits of arresting Nudists are not likely to pay for the trouble, since they seem not to be concerned with vice.

Missionaries have held that clothes on earth are conducive to salvation hereafter, but that may be disputed. The Japanese, who are very pretty dressers, gentle mannered, and whose morals seems to be about as good as other peoples, have long been known to be very indifferent to nakedness, not excited about it one way or the other. If we were all that way this world might not be any worse and might indeed be considerably better.

But as a decoration clothes are great. Not many of us are handsome enough to go without them. In this climate it is sometimes pretty cold, too, and the textile industries clamor piteously for our continued help.

• •

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL'S true errand here was to discourse on the destiny of the English-speaking nations. That is a good big subject. The British-Israel people talk about it copiously, Mr. H. G. Wells considers it when he talks about "the Atlantic nations." Anybody who thinks that, on the whole, the English-speaking people in this world have got the most sense and the most power and the best disposition towards mankind is probably of the same opinion that Mr. Churchill has brought over with him. As to the British, Destiny seems a little rough with them just for the moment, but they are used to discipline and have often profited by it. The English have been a rough lot—marauders often, greedy and cruel often, hard fighters. It is hard to think of anything wrong, that first or last they have not done. Their climate is a wonderful preservative or else they would have all died long ago of rum and cold.

But it is the hardy people that get the big jobs. The British are hardy, they are coherent and in governmental matters they seem better able to bring a high quality of national intelligence to bear on present problems than we are. As world leaders in the immense complexities of the next half century they seem likely to beat us because of having better understanding of international life, and better machinery for employing their best characters in international problems.

Mr. Churchill may not say so because he may not think it expedient, but in any great crisis in the next fifty years the British aggregation and the United States will be on the same side and certainly they are a strong pair to draw to.




THE PAUPER

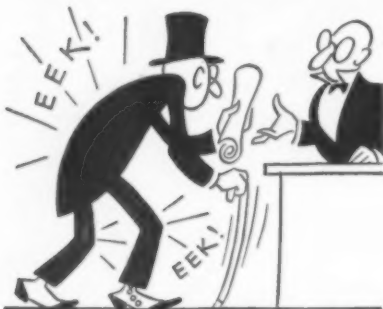
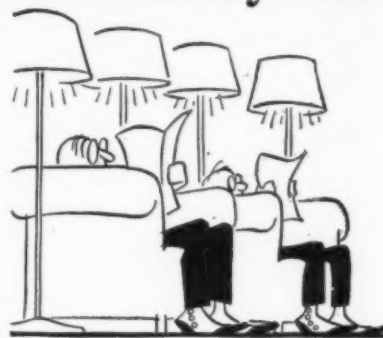
A Two Minutes' Guest Card *at the University Club*


By Arthur "Bugs" Baer



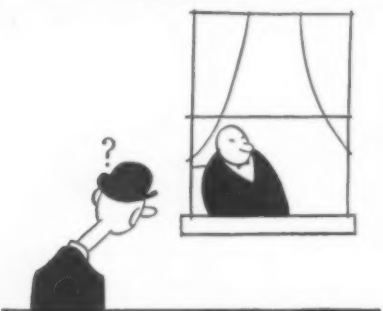
 The Tomb of the Unknown Collegian.


Ratio of inhabitants is two floor lamps to every member.



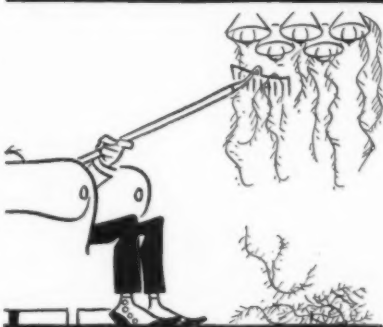
 Qualifications for matriculation are a diploma and a body squeak.


A night in this jolly old Cave of the Patriarchs is a fair and square duel. You kill the evening or it kills you.



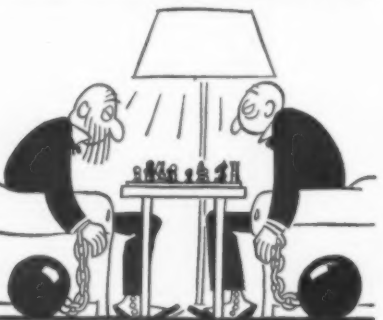
 Here window display attains its highest perfection. The figures are almost lifelike.


On gala nights the members scrape the Spanish moss off the chandeliers and sink as deep into their Morris chairs as their hip flasks will permit.



 Announcements on the bulletin board confirm the impression that your dues are payable in advance and that Grant took Richmond.

A hoarse whisper in the library starts tremors on the divans and whiskers vibrate like seismograph needles.



 The members are fond of everything except each other. The chess pieces are nailed to the board to discourage reckless play.

If you want to know what your son is doing with his time make him a member of the University Club and you will know that he ain't doing anything with it.



THE RETREAT OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

Down to the Florida sand,
Sunshine, and tropical strand,
Gaily, at Fashion's command,
Trek the Four Hundred.
When the first blizzard shall blow,
Southward their caravans go,
Soon from the ice and the snow
Happily sundered.

Little indeed do they care for
Knowing the why or the wherefore:
Theirs but to vanish, and therefore
Vanish they do.
Mammon to left and to right of
them:
Mammon all over, in sight of them;
Still, it's unfair to make light of
them—
Wouldn't we too?



Flash all their vertebrae bare,
Flash in the languorous air,
Flash, while the hoi polloi stare
At the Four Hundred.
Is there a beauty dismayed?
Not by the tiniest shade,
Save that she may be afraid
Poirot has blundered.

Then, when the season is done,
Homeward they haste from the sun,
Home like a shot from a gun
Volleyed and thundered.
Others may sit in their spot
Later, when summer is hot:
Others, but certainly not,
Not the Four Hundred.
—Norman R. Jaffray.

The JUDGMENT of SQUIRE PARKINS

By
HARRIS DICKSON

He lives at a house in the wood. Beyond the limits of that wood people speak of him as a "wheel-horse", a "power", even as "Old Man Terrible" whose tall form quivers and eyes flash blue fire when he denounces corruption or attacks a wrong.

The professional and financial world knows Colonel Doane for an eminent jurist; others love him as their Genial Friend who keeps open house on Darkwater, where his long low rambling shack overlooks a stream that is not a stream. Darkwater's gloomy depths are silent, black, and almost currentless. Sombre trees, draped with funereal mosses throw outstretched branches far across it, and morosely consider their own reflections. A tortuous channel writhes and wriggles through the swamp, like coils of a lazy moccasin; while along its jungle edges hangs the hush of a region made dumb by vague and sinister mysteries.

Government maps trace the course of Darkwater as a commonplace river; yet, to its own denizens, protected and given sanctuary by its secret harbors, Darkwater becomes a personality. Few people actually live there; but there are many more than the occasional city fisherman might suspect. For no intruder can surprise the outcasts that have taken shelter in that labyrinth of bayous and shrouded lakes. Darkwater folk spy upon every stranger, though the stranger rarely sees them. Dugouts glide noiselessly through hidden byways. From shanty-boats and briar patches wary eyes observe every movement of the stranger. All sorts of recluses and waifs lie low within this Swamp of Refuge: murderers, commercial pirates, moonshiners, and serene sweet souls that crave no more than to live

alone in peace. These queer folk are all friends of Colonel Doane.

For the site of his shack the Colonel chose a level space beneath a grove of giant pecan trees that shadow him with perpetual twilight. Steps laid down to his floating dock where fisher boats swing idly at their moorings. House and host are unpretentious. His porch—Southerners say "gallery"—forms an L, broad, well-screened, along which stands a row of beds set closely side by side, so many of them that forty unexpected wayfarers will find their nightly comfort quite secure.

It is far distant from main-travelled roads; no signboards point the direction, no milestones mark the distance. Yet the world has beat a path unto his door, not because he wrote a better book, preached a better sermon or built a better mouse-trap. For the Colonel does none of these. During the tepid summer restfulness he does nothing, nothing; does nothing so simply, so graciously that city-weary souls delight to visit him. Celebrated personages arrive and are welcomed, not because of wealth or fame, but merely because they are human. Humble ones come also and are also welcomed. A railroad magnate hobnobs with a moonshiner, while the U. S. Senator swaps yarns with some be-whiskered hermit of the swamp. A farmer contributes his load of watermelons. A pot-hunter trudges into the kitchen burdened by his kill of squirrels. Some bring this and some bring that. And some come empty-handed, bearing only the gift of a priceless story.

LATE of an August afternoon the Colonel's white hairs nodded over a book as he sat alone upon his gallery. It was unusual to have no company, but the tired lawyer loved this solitude, loved this solemn hazy hour when a mist goes creeping amongst the trees, when voices of the day are stilled and croonings of the night begin. Soon he laid aside his book and sat listening





... it was a tight squeeze for fat old Parkins.

to a different sound, to the far-off groan and sputter of an approaching car.

Long before Squire Parkins appeared at the clearing's edge his host already knew that he was troubled. For the Squire's ancient car was more than an insensate contraption of gears and wheels and gasoline. This derelict had a soul, a heart that throbbed in harmony with its master's. If the magistrate were pleased, and just comfortably drunk, his machine moved along most amiably, purring like a contented cat. But now its backfire and clatter of tinware proclaimed that man and motor had reached their very last snort. His rusty wreck limped out from a trail through the woods, to choke and go dead at the Colonel's door.

"Hello Squire. Light an' hitch."

It was a tight squeeze for fat old Parkins to climb out backwards from his flivver, and start to the house, his rolypoly figure waddling like a duck-legged football. An expanse of dirty shirt gaped at his middle where vest and breeches failed to meet.

"Come in," the Colonel held ajar his screen door. "I'm glad to see you. Everybody's deserted me."

"All yo' visitors gone?" Squire glanced at a row of unoccupied beds on the porch, chose the nearest and kicked his battered carpetsack underneath it. That settled the location of lodgings. Then he bit off a chunk of tobacco and remarked, "Cunnel, it suits me fine that you aint got no crowd, 'cause I'm in one hell of a fix an' need advice."

"Sit down, Squire, and state your case."

"Nothin' can't save me now." Squire's head sank and his voice trembled. "I'm a goner. Election day jest three weeks off, an' my constituents aim to vote me out of office."

"That'll never do, Squire, never." Our Genial Friend shook his head and meant it, for this backwoods Solomon was a hang-over from happy-go-lucky times, a

magistrate, who administered honest justice in his own picturesque style.

"What's your political line-up?" the Colonel asked.

"Bad. Bad. Tried a knotty lawsuit this mornin' an' couldn't do nothin' to suit nobody. Voters got riled an' swear they'll knife me at the polls."

"Why?"

"Folks don't like the way I handled the case o' Josh Hawkins. You know Josh? Works a little cotton patch nigh the mouth o' Bushy Bayou? Anyhow, Josh's family 'rangements started all my worries. He's got one lawful wife; married on the book, regular. Had her for more'n twenty-seven years. She's a heap older'n him, an' here lately Josh is been plum uncorntented. Howsomever, without notifying nobody, Josh hitches up his mules in the middle o' the night, when he knowed that old man Abel Simmons got took down drunk at the crossroads. Which give Josh his chance to drive past Abel's house an' 'lope clean away with Abel's daughter. Peg's a strappin' fine looker. Him an' the gal lit out on their road to Texas an' church members sot up sech a howl that I sent my constable to 'rest 'em. So Ezra fotch Josh an' Peg back home an' landed 'em in my court."

"Cunnel, his case oughtn't to give me no pesterment. Plain as pigtracks. Cause Josh is a lone man, with no kinfolks in my district, an' can't even vote hisself; while six o' them Simmons boys is registered on the poll books. Course I'd decide aginst Josh."

"This mornin', suh, every Democrat on earth jammed my court room to hear the trial, an' take a peep at Peg. Mighty good peepin', Peg is. I sot there on the bench, powerful solemn, with that black-eyed gal givin' me the wink to go light on Josh, an' all the wimmen voters arguin' that Josh had played a low-down dirty trick. Her pa, an' the Simmons boys never showed up. They claims that Peg is big enough to manage her own law-



"... this innocent young girl"

suits. She's a corkin' fine looker, as aforesaid.

"The first high p'int o' statoots that I had to wrestle with, was what charge we ought to make against Josh. There's plenty meanness which Josh has did against the peace an' dignity of the State, but in law you've got to nail the defendant down to one cross.

"Ezra," says I to my constable, which don't know any more law than a rabbit. 'Ezra, what are you aimin' to 'cuse Josh of?"

"Kidnappin'," he speaks up. 'Kidnappin', y'Onner."

"What?" says I with another squint at Peg. "That woman's full grewed. We can't make out a case o' kidnappin'."

"All the crowd hawhawed 'cause I'd caught Ezra foul on that p'int, but he comes back strong, 'Then y'Onner, it's larceny. Josh stole that gal."

"Petty larceny won't stick in my court. 'Cause for petty larceny you've got to prove that Peg aint worth over twenty-five dollars, an' she'll lick the stuffin' out of any witness who swears to that. Besides, Josh never stole her. Peg went willin'."

"Cunnel, I was in a jam. There sat a hundred of my constituents, with a lot of lady folks, lookin' for me to enforce the law against a scarlet woman. So I reached for my biggest book an' wrote out an affidavit, hoss-high, bull-strong an' pig-tight. Twarn't nary loop-hole for Josh to wriggle out. I charged that one Josh Hawkins then and there feloniously an' burglariously of his malice aforethought did entice and carry away the labor of Abel Simmons, to-wit: one Peg Simmons, contrary to the statoots in such case made an' provided."

"Oh!" Colonel Deane kept back a smile. "So you tried Josh for enticing labor."

"Sholy. An' had the dead wood on him. Ain't I seen Peg with my own eyes pickin' cotton for her pa? Didn't need no evidence of that fact, because the court would take judicial notice. This court has been noticin' Peg for quite a spell."

"Well Squire, how did the defendant plead to your affidavit?"

"Them words o' high l'arnin' knocked the wind out o' Josh. He jest hemmed an' hawed an' whispered 'Not Guilty.' But it was my court an' my affidavit, so I convicted him anyhow. Then you oughter heard me pass sentence, tore the hide off o' Josh for desertin' the wife

of his bosom, for leadin' astray this innocent young girl, for bein' a stink in the nostrils of public decency. I made a crackerjack campaign speech, with all my congregation sayin' 'Amen, brother. Amen.'

"Josh Hawkins, stand up. I'm sorry that the law won't allow me to hang you. The worst I can do is to impose a fine of one thousand dollars cash, an' let you repent for one year in the penitentiary—may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

"Stop, Squire," the Colonel interrupted. "A justice of the peace has no jurisdiction to put any citizen in the penitentiary."

"Jurisdiction hell! Jurisdiction cuts no ice with me when I'm battling for morality. Before I got through soakin' Josh, I'd caught every vote in the crowd. Then a quare thing happened. Way back at the door a woman rose up, the scrawniest critter you ever laid eyes on. Skinny. Shrivelled. A snuff stick sagging from her mouth. Little knot of hair no bigger'n a hickory nut wadded at the back of her head.

"Squire," she whined. 'Ef you sends Josh to the pen for a whole year, who's goin' to pick our crop? An' what'll become o' me?"

"Become of you? Who are you?"

"I'm Josh's wife."

"That weevil-eatin' critter looked more like Josh's grandmother, with two bare shanks stuck into a pair o' brogan shoes.

"Josh," I asked, 'is that yo' wife?"

"Yep," he answered, without braggin' none.

"Then I couldn't help glancin' from her to Peg, plump as a partridge, red lips, smilin' white teeth, an' felt so darn sorry for Josh that I said:

"Stand up agin, Josh Hawkins. This court has changed its mind. You are *acquitted*. Sot free on account of extenuating circumstances."

"So you let Josh go?"

"Yes, Cunnel; an' lost every vote in my own precinct. Anyhow I'm right. 'Tain't laid down in ary law book, but 'cordin' to hoss-sense sech a scraggly wife is extenuatin' circumstances."



"... the scrawniest critter you ever laid eyes on."

Percolator Limited

"Brazil to Burn Coffee
As Locomotive Fuel."

—New York Herald-Tribune

Senor Jose America,
Rio de Janeiro,
Brazil.

Dear Senor:

Just a word about last night's run from Rio to Alcobaco on No. 63: Everything went smoothly until we pulled into Santa Cruz. I had about 160 lbs. of Java up when, rounding the bend on Section 12, out of Victoria, egg shells got into one of the condensers and blew out a cylinder head. We were stalled there for two hours before the section gang came from Santa Cruz with a new strainer.

I managed to make up 29 minutes, by pushing her, and got into South Station at 10:47 P. M. But our troubles had only just begun, Senor.



The passengers couldn't get to sleep

The conductor came into my cab at Linhares and told me that none of the passengers could get to sleep. I thought, of course, it was the added speed and uneven road bed, but no—he said it was the aroma from the black coffee I was using in my percolator being wafted back into the sleepers, and couldn't I dilute it during the night, or burn Ovaltine. Well, Senor, you know, yourself, that I couldn't possibly get over the Miguel Range on a boiler full of weak coffee; especially when the

brand I was using was full of shale and pieces of slate. (Unfortunately the cocoa depot was locked for the night or I'd have filled up my tender right then and there.)

I dumped the stale grounds early next morning, after we took on cream and sugar, and made a fresh batch, which not only braced everyone up when I blew the whistle but also got us into Alcobaco only three hours late.

My fireman, Carlos Machado, used to work in a cafeteria and he says that we really ought to serve doughnuts every time we blow off steam. (It's none of my business, Senor, but do you think they ought to be using "Dated Coffee" in the freight and switching engines during these hard times?)

On my run back to Rio this Thursday I'm going to bank my fire-box with several shovels full of Sanka, and see if the passengers can't get some decent sleep, even if we have to drop off the Club car and put on two locomotives to get over the mountains.

Trusting that your company is entirely satisfied with my cooking, I am,

Your obedient servant,

Jack Cluett



BROADCASTINGS

IT seems to have been re-discovered at the conclusion of the 1931 football season that football is a violent form of exercise and that those engaging in it may meet with accidents. It appears also to have escaped observation that there are more fatalities in the English hunting field than upon the American football field, and when one considers that in every town and village of this country there is at least a high school football team if not also a penitentiary football team, as in the case of Ossining, N. Y., the wonder is not that there are so many football fatalities but that there are so few.

The younger sons of the British nobility and gentry almost depend upon sporting fatalities to accelerate vested remainders, as the law says. In an entailed estate, where property descends from father to eldest son, by the law of primogeniture, many a second son has succeeded to a peerage, a house in town and a couple of large places in the country, because the eldest son rode to hounds, climbed mountains, shot big game or incurred other extra hazardous risks in the name of sport.

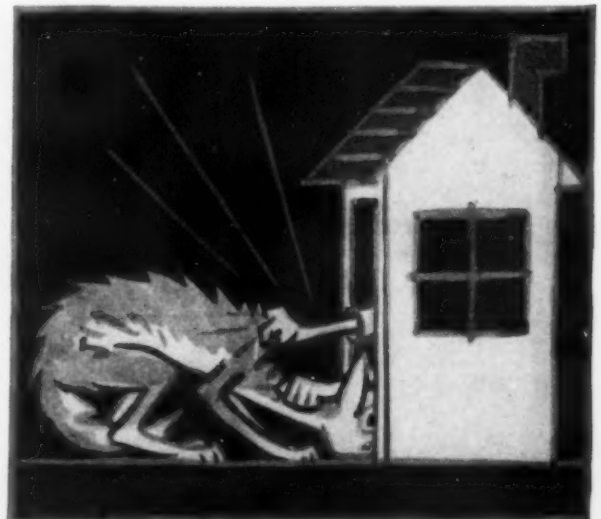
In this country we have, of course, college football, but the deer hunting season may also be relied upon to swell the tables of mortality. Some sportsmen in the Maine woods will shoot at anything that moves, whether it be a sheep, a cow or a banker. In fact they will shoot at practically everything except a deer, and the only safe procedure for people who take to the woods during the deer hunting season, is to disguise themselves as deer.

But for that matter, all physical exercise is attended by danger. To those who have never heard of duet wounds, let me say that when Dr. Sigmund Spaeth and myself play the Second Hungarian Dance by Brahms arranged for four hands, the little finger of my left hand hasn't got a Chinaman's chance. Dr. Spaeth plays with

splendid force and effect. He weighs in at never less than two hundred pounds, and I would back him to cripple such an indurated piano duettist as Dr. John Erskine in any four handed arrangement of a Beethoven symphony Dr. Erskine would care to name.

It is true that I have never heard of anybody dying of duet wounds, but there is even a certain risk attending such innocent amusements as shooting crap. Enthusiastic players can get laryngitis from repeating in loud tones: "Come you little Joe", or even: "An eighter from Decatur. *That's my point!*" Then there is the snapping of the thumb and first finger which may result in an occupational disease known as Crap Shooter's Thumb. This is like Housemaid's Knee except that it is more prevalent in Agua Caliente, Mexico, and Palm Beach, Florida, than in the residential neighborhoods of East Orange and Montclair, New Jersey.

ENOUGH has been written, however, to show that to live amusedly is to live dangerously, whether it be football or playing piano duets. There is no use pursuing the matter further except to point out that football may be enjoyed vicariously by sixty thousand spectators as well as by the contestants, whereas nobody but the contestants themselves enjoy piano duets. Thus when the editor of the *Columbia Spectator* compares football to a gladiator show of ancient Rome he is not much out of the way, at least as far as the arena and the crowds of spectators are concerned. But one of these Spaeth-Glass piano duets is just a gladiator show put on for the amusement of a couple of piano gladiators, viz: Spaeth and Glass, and when it comes right down to it, what is mercurochrome for anyway?



WHAT TO DO WOLF

..... by MONTAGUE GLASS

THESE professors at Columbia seem to have the secret of getting themselves into the newspapers without the slightest stain on their characters. For example, there was the professor who a few weeks ago stirred up all the fuss about whistling being an objective symptom of an empty head, and he almost proved that if a whistler were shot through the skull, the only bad result to the whistler would be a draught. Now comes a fellow professor who taunts New Yorkers with using unnecessarily the broad *a*, and I am with him as just another taunter.

Many New Yorkers are sending their children to private schools where diction is taught, not by an English person, but by somebody who would like to be taken for English, and this diction teacher tries to make his or her pupils speak as though they came from the better streets of Hammersmith or Bayswater, in London, whereas many of them are destined to live, either through marriage or business exigencies, in Rockford, Illinois, or San Jose, California. It seems to me to be a sheer waste of broad *a*-s.

Nevertheless, this diction teacher is being paid for teaching diction whereas Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, free of charge, instructs us in the columns of a New York newspaper just how to pronounce the word *vagary* so as to comply with the best traditions of Eton and Oxford. I refuse to learn, even at so moderate a cost. In my recollection, I have never spoken aloud the word *vagary*, with the accent either on the first *a* or on the second *a*. Also, I see no prospect of being obliged to pronounce the word *vagary* in the near or distant future, and that goes for a lot of other words of doubtful pronunciation too. If I am at any time obliged to use one at a moment's notice, I shall quickly think up a perfect synonym, or substitute for it the compound word *who's-this* or *what-d'ye-call-it*.

THERE is a great deal to be said *pro* and *con* about Russian Cossack Choirs,—principally *con*, however, because these choirs are far from being *pro*, in the language of the theatre by which a performer is said to be either a *pro* or an amateur. As for the *con* part,—using the word as in the phrase *con game*, let me explain that while I have much sympathy with White Russians in their efforts to adjust themselves to a different civilization than that of the old Russian Regime, I cannot forget that in Cannes, a few years ago, the American and English residents were often solicited to buy tickets for concerts given by Cossack choirs, and some of these Cossacks I personally recognized as taxi drivers, house servants and waiters. That is the way they sang, too.

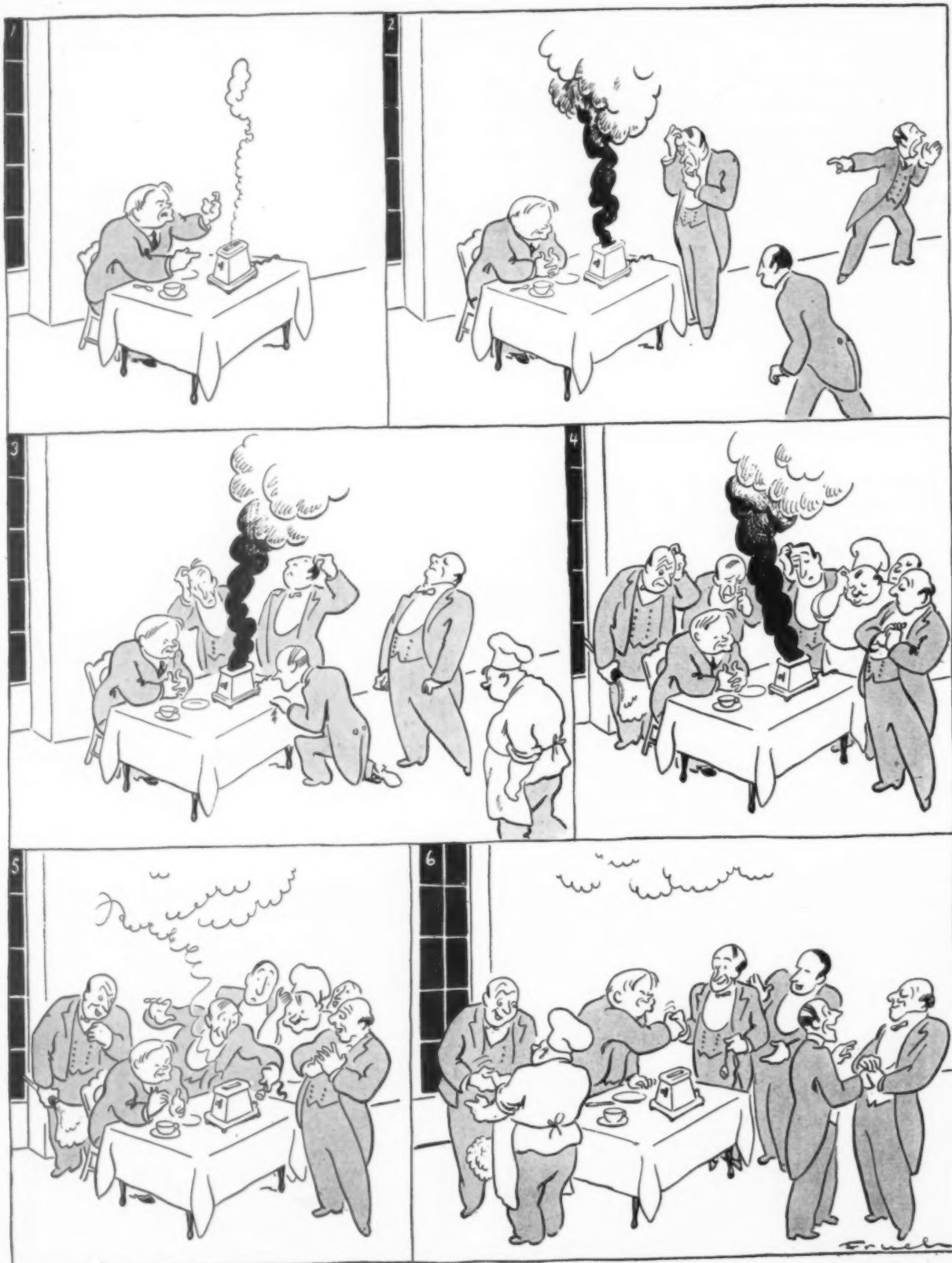
Now I admit that if a manager put up bills advertising the Taxi-drivers' Choir or the Waiters' Choir, who would come, except a few other waiters or taxi-drivers? I also admit that these Cannes choirs may have been made up principally of dismounted Cossacks, but what I do deny is that in Cannes, or anywhere else, the mere dismounting of a bunch of Cossacks would make them *ipso facto* musical. In fact, I deplore altogether the tradition that Russians, whether Cossacks or just plain Ukrainians, make agreeable noises when they sing unaccompanied choruses. The effect is that of six male quartettes, culled from the barber shops of North America, all singing the same old *Way Down Yonder in the Cornfield*, except that Cossack and Ukrainian choirs contain an added attraction or distraction which is the buzzing of a couple of contra-bassi. These human bull fiddles can produce a tone which resembles the low rumble of a steam heat furnace about to stage an explosion.

Sir George Grove says the human contrabasso

(Continued on page 60)



Do WOLF AT THE DOOR.



Breakfast in the White House

The Great Minds . . .

. . . At Work and At Rest

Mrs. Edward Everett Gann,
sister of Vice-President Curtis.

The victory of the Republicans in 1928 saved America from a period of hard times which compared with the depression through which we are passing would have seemed like riotous living.

Smedley D. Butler,
of the Marine Corps.

I know when to keep my mouth shut.

Wiley Post,
round-the-world flier.

Our flight didn't prove a thing.

Al Capone,
public enemy.

All I like is Shakespeare, Shaw and Coward.

Ralph Capone,
brother of Al.

The day will come when Chicago will be damned glad to have Al Capone come back.

Vannie Higgins,
rum runner and gangster head.

I'm just a poor lobster fisherman.

Nancy Carroll,
screen star.

The intelligentsia don't make a very good audience—they are too hard to educate.

Edgar Wallace,
mystery story writer.

I would not have Chicago destroyed. I would rather see London wiped out.

George Bernard Shaw,
playwright.

The man who drinks lives on forever. Drinkers seem to be able to preserve themselves in alcohol. Far from dying, they go on soaking and soaking and soaking.

Theodore Dreiser,
author.

It's a damn good thing that people get old and die.

Adolf Hitler,
of Germany.

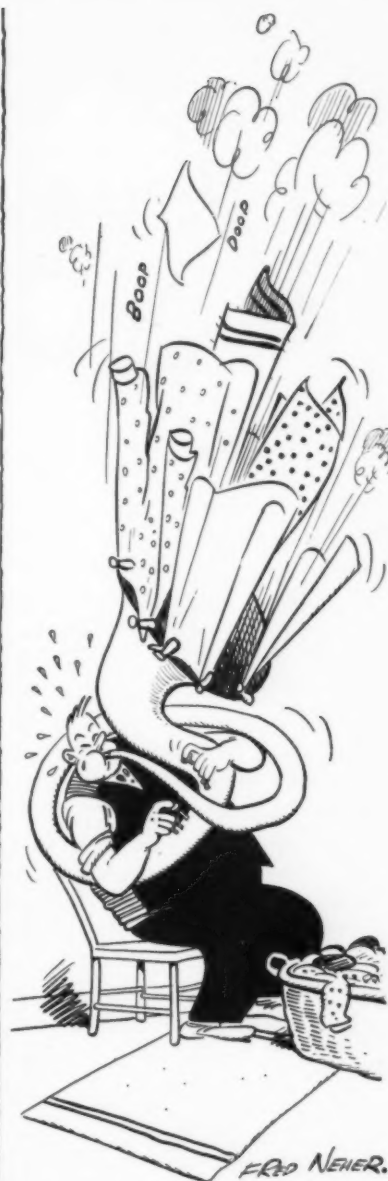
The world must not expect fireworks from me.

Ronald Colman,
motion picture actor.

I did not become an actor because of any urge to express myself artistically. I wanted to be able to express myself financially.

H. L. Mencken,
writer and editor.

The average, normal American is bound to remain a jackass, for such is the will of God.



The tuba player dries the wash.

You don't say so!

I was born in a small town,
And know how the gossip rises,
A smile, a cough or a frown—
Crisis!

And I have heard swift gay talks,
Smart, subtle, witty,
Hurt many a man who walks
The city!

Gossip is like a country fair,
You never know what or who
is there! —Peter Lea.

My Adventures AS A Chinese Army

By

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

*"Without or with offence to Japanese or Chinese
I sketch your world exactly as it goes."*

—Byron and Me.

IT WAS the end of a limpid afternoon—lavender twilight—and comfied by soft pillows I faced the fireplace in adventurous dreams.

The fireplace is fifteen feet high—goes 'way 'way to the ceiling and will crackle a whole cord of wood at one burning! But, because of the Depression I burn only incense in it.

I rang for Jeong (pronounced "Yow"), my Chineec.

"The usual tray, Yow," I ordered. At tea-time daily I bolster the tum-tum with fig newtons and ginger ale.

Yow slunk back moments later with the laden tray. There were *two* glasses and double the usual pyramid of fig newtons.

"Am I expecting company, Yow?"

"No-o-o—I hungly too—I choo-chow same *with* you!" he answered—meaning he'd eat with me.

"Dandy, Yow, but change from your white jacket to your mandarin coat, you'll look more guestly!" He made the change, slunkingly. The mandarin coat pockets bulged with old *Herald-Tribunes*—here and there I caught glimpses of headlines such as, "JAPANESE ARMY ADVANCES ON MA",



"... those were the Japanese forts I had to capture."



"I dlop lil yuing in glass ..."

"BOY SCOUTS WERE MISTAKEN FOR TROOPS, JAPAN'S ALIBI", etc. I looked at Yow's face ordinarily beamingly yellow! It now was lined and the color of overdone chow mein.

We sipped our ginger ale and snapped at a newton or two in inscrutable silence.

"The ginger ale is unusually bitey, Yow." ... "Yes-s-s—I dlop lil yuing in glass too." Yuing is pronounced "gin".

"We don't feel well, eh?" I commented.

"Vlay blad—Japanese!" Yow said. "They plick on Chinese all ttime! It all make me vlay slick! Chinese no can flight! All Chinese army is generals—evlybody wants to be general—no sloldier at all!"

"You don't mean to—fill my glass again, Yow—you don't mean to tell me that the Chinese army is entirely *generals*!?!—No soldier at all?"

"Yessy!" Yow slunkingly reiterated as he crushed a fig newton in a clenched yellow hand and got very messy. "You, Missy Malukkmer, would make swelly sloldier—you make fine Chinese army!"

It may have been the yuing high-balls, but by midnight Yow, beamingly yellow again, had buzzed the bug of adventure within me and I had enlisted by cable as the Chinese army.

When I awoke the following day I was in a Pullman compartment speeding west to the Far East. Yow had converted the compartment into a typical Doyers Street opium hell and constantly passed yuing and ginger ale, that my fine old Chinese pa-

triotism remain bubbly. He addressed me as "Fu". I asked if that were my first or last name and he said, "Fu is last name. First name 'Dang'. Full name Plivate Dang Fu, Chinese Army!"

I'll never forget the reception on the Hong Kong docks. Thousands of Chinese generals welcomed me—waving bright swords and blowing dragon snakes which whistled. No time was lost in preparing me for war. I was placed in a ginrikki and rushed to an armory where the generals were all seated in the surrounding galleries. They spent three hours drilling me.

The generals stood about in little groups of a thousand or so impatiently considering this attack and that attack. They all agreed they'd like to have a battle around Thursday. It was Monday. We entrained that night and three days later the generals and I were camped eighty miles from Mukden and the enemy. I'd never been in Mukden and was anxious about it all.

THURSDAY passed and no battle. Friday, too. Saturday morning I was awakened early and told to report about eleven o'clock to General Yung Chen, at Tungkiangkou. When I got there, Yung Chen had resigned and I was ordered to Supingkai, where I would be commanded by General Chang Hsueh-Liang. I found him sticking red pins in a map which he said were places the Japanese had captured and I had to get them back. He stuck a green pin in Supingkai, to show my lines. The telephone rang then and while Chang Hsueh-Liang answered it I pulled out about half the red pins to make my work lighter. Pretty foxy boy, though, this Hsueh-Liang—he caught on what I'd done and resigned.

I was then ordered to Chinchow for lunch. Before dessert came along I was bundled onto a train and sent to Kaiyuan to report to General Luingkigwangkse Chun-Leing. Getting nearer Mukden and the Japanese every minute! Chun-Leing was a fine fat fella. He drilled me for an hour or two and we had a game of backgammon while we awaited word from General Shigeru Honjo, in command of the Japanese forces in Mukden. He'd been sending an ultimatum daily to Chun-Leing but this day's ultimatum hadn't arrived and here it was four p. m.! Chun-Leing was expecting Honjo to ask him to withdraw within the Great Wall of China for a few days. The Nippon Dempo news service wires had broken down, and there was no way of getting word to the League of Nations about what Honjo would do wrong next. Finally, after Chun-Leing had bitten all his two inch finger-nails away waiting, I was given carfare and told to go to Mukden and look up General Honjo. Ah-h-h! Mukden and the enemy, at last!

I reached Mukden at noon next day and immediately called on Honjo. I told him I was the Chinese army and was there to ask why no ultimatum yesterday. Honjo just laughed and said the ultimatum had been sent late last night and that Chun-Leing probably

had it by now. I asked what was in it and, sure enough, Honjo wanted them to retreat me back inside the Great Wall for a few days, I spent the rest of the afternoon and part of the night bumming around with Shiggy. He got me a geisha girl named Kelly, from Omaha. Imagine—way out there in Manchuria—finding a girl from Omaha who knew people I knew! And what a sweetheart! I forgot all about entraining myself for Chinchow that night, but—war is war, so, with a hail and farewell to arms dawn found the Chinese army back in Kaiyuan. Sure enough, the ultimatum had arrived ahead of me, but Chun-Leing was still beddy-bye and no one was abroad to sound my retreat. I waited. My thoughts were all of the lovely geisha, Miss Kelly, of Mukden, the city of homes, and of atrocities which the public would expect of me, Dang Fu, the Chinese Army. Retreat from such a plospect? No indeedy. I'd take Mukden; I'd take it like Grant took whiskey, and then I'd call up Miss Kelly and say how about an atrocity for two.

Just then I walked Chun-Leing, and with him was—guess who?—Ma! General Ma, the big shot himself! He greeted me with oily courtesy and handed me a large package, loosely wrapped.

"Tuesday!" he said laconically, and vanished.

Puzzled, I, Dang Fu, flower of the Chinese Army, unwrapped the package. In it were—ten thousand shirts. Hsueh-Liang's shirts, Chun-Leing's shirts, Ma's shirts! Shirts of all the Chinese generals! Tuesday!

I am home now, working on a play called "What Price Glory?" in Chinese. I don't know what became of Miss Kelly. In the charge on Mukden I stumbled and hurt my foot.



"... a geisha girl named Kelly, from Omaha."

It isn't so much *Why you do a thing..* as what for

By
SAM HELLMAN

"HORSE feathers!" snaps the missus. "Of course, we've got to join a country club."

"Got to!" I repeats, coldly. "That, my dear, is a phrase one never uses to a Fenagle. As a family we have conceded that we've got to be present when being shaved, but beyond that—"

"Flora's right," horns in Harry Updike, a neighbor who's calling. "To dwell in the country and not belong to a country club's about the same as living in a swamp and not having malaria. You don't want to be considered peculiar, do you?"

"Oh, I don't know," says I. "Hosea L. Diffenderfer was considered peculiar, yet he invented the plug-hat. As a matter of fact," I goes on, "I once had a most unfortunate experience at a country club—"

"You mean at a shooting gallery, don't you?" sniffs the frau. "When did you ever—"

"Peace, woman," I interrupts. "Little ye reck of my reckless youth. Back in Muncie, Indiana no club was complete or even *comme il faut* unless I was on the membership



"Assessments," he mumbles, "they've voted an assessment."

list, so when the exclusive Broken Glass Golf and Geranium Club was organized by the bloods of the burg, who should have been elected but—"

"The black-ball," explains the frau to Updike, "hadn't gotten as far west as Muncie in those days."

"Trouble," I goes on, "started almost immediately. Not more than a half hour after I was voted on and passed the directors got together and declared an assessment."

"An assessment!" exclaims Harry. "I thought it was a brand new layout."

"It was," I returns, "but in the excitement of getting the course ready a green for the seventeenth hole had been entirely overlooked, so it was necessary to raise dough for that. Not more than a week later there was another assessment."

"What for, this time?" asks Updike. "Did they forget to lay in a supply of casual water?"

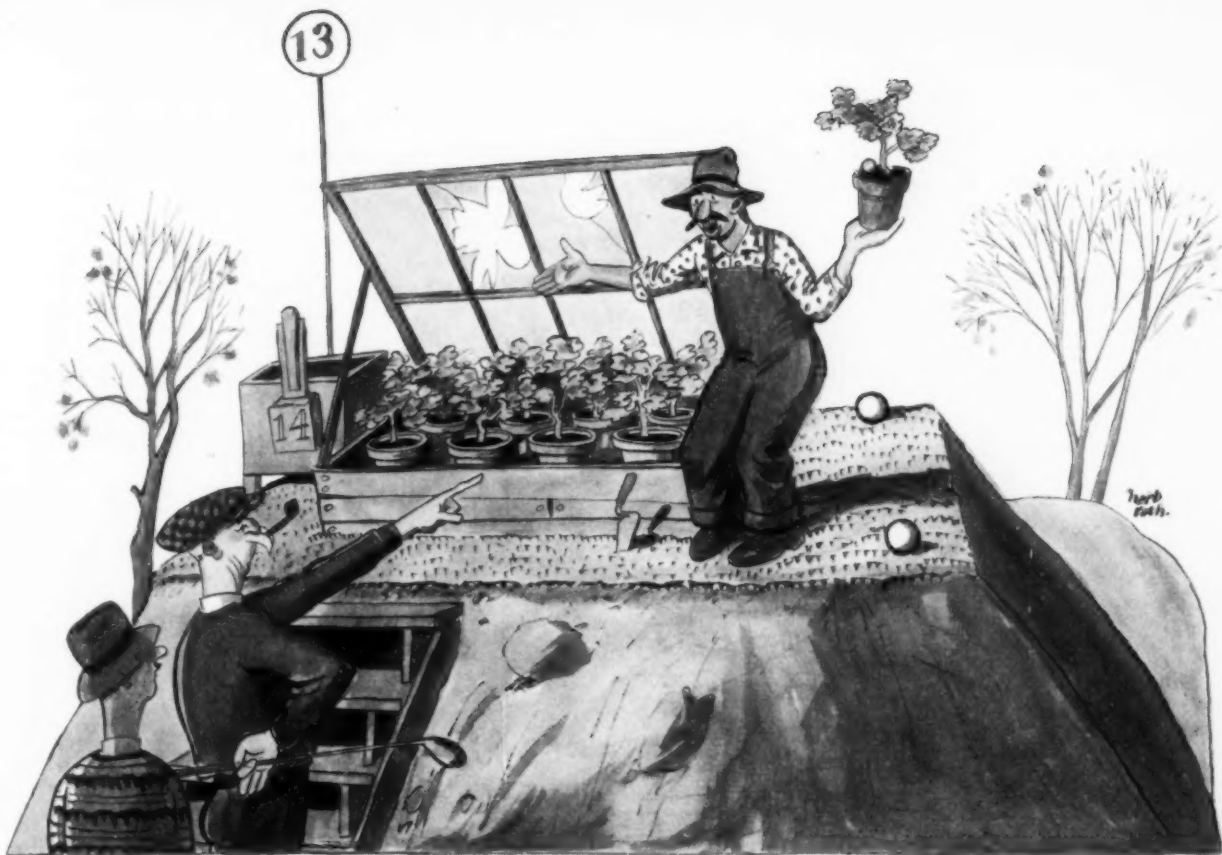
"No," says I, "but in providing for the seventeenth green it was found that the tee for the eighteenth would either have to be put in a sand-trap on the fifteenth or—"

"I know," cuts in Harry, "or under Bertha's bed in the Y. W. C. A. at Terre Haute. Better try my bootlegger, Joe. His stuff's a little more expensive, but I understand he makes it in a porcelain bath-tub."

"After the third assessment," I continues, undeterred, "we finally got the course in shape, though it was necessary to use the fourteenth tee as a green for the thirteenth and a bunker for the twelfth, and in winter, as a cold frame for the geraniums."

"How long," demands the wife, "does this go on?"

"Never," says I, sternly, "interrupt



"In winter they used it as a cold frame for the geraniums."

a Fenagle when the spell of narration is upon him. Aren't you interested in the denouement?"

"Personally," comes back Flora, "I'm much more interested in last year's catch of cod-fish in Phoenix, Arizona. If you think you're going to talk me out of the country club idea you should see a chiropodist and have your brains peered into."

"What kind of a game do you shoot?" inquires Updike, at this point.

"I'm coming to that," I tells him, "but first you must hear of my opening round at Broken Glass. By the way, why do you imagine it was called Broken Glass?"

"I have no idea," confesses Harry, "but, doubtless, I shall not remain in suspense long."

"A man by the name of Glass once owned the property," I improvises. "He went broke—"

"I see," interrupts Updike, a trifle wearily. "Go on with the story."

"One Sunday," I resumes, "I played the course with Elmer Gooch, who was a big guy in the Attar-of-Rose Hide and Tallow Works. We got to the ninth in even twelves, but after that my game went sour and I began hooking and slicing 'em all over the county."

"Just began?" inquires Harry, politely.

"Just began," says I. "I was about to sink a putt on the fourteenth for an eighteen when a guy comes up

to me and asks for a look at my guest card.

"'Guest card'," I yelps. "I'm a member of this deadfall by at least three assessments."

"That's not possible," says he. "We have no assessments at the Cragmore Club."

"You see," I goes on, "in slicing I'd kind of lost my way and I'd played the last three holes on another course. So we walked off the links of the Cragmore Club, crossed the Prairie Valley course, which we'd shot over en route, and finished in our own back-yard. But that's not all that happened that day."

"No?" eye-brows Harry. "What happened? Did you find out that someone had stolen your clubs on the third hole and you'd played the other fifteen without 'em?"

"Nothing like that," I assures him. "Much worse. There was a girl I was interested in at the time, a pretty thing who dealt 'em off the arm down at the railroad station and so innocent that she thought the stork brought Santa Claus. In my absence of the course she'd gotten in with the fast set on the club verandah and when I arrived she was so plastered she'd made dates to go to West Baden with three different men, danced the Sudanese can-can on the table and given my engagement ring to the waiter for a tip. That night I departed for

(Continued on the next page)

(Continued from preceding page)
Labrador where I've been ever since."

"Would it were so," sighs the missus.

"That was a tough experience," observes Updike, "but nothing like it can happen at Bagatelle. Our course is fenced in, no drinks are served on the verandah, we have no verandah and the waiters are not allowed to take tips. Besides, I don't imagine there's any danger of Flora dancing the Sudanese can-can."

"Probably not," I admits, "but, after all, Flora's a very attractive woman and I'm afraid of these country club Casanovas. How can I play around in peace if my mind is occupied—"

"Your what?" sniffs the frau.

"If my mind is occupied," I repeats, "with

thoughts of young men plotting against the peace and security of my home."

"Listen here," scowls the missus. "I've heard enough of this hog-wash. Keep it up and nobody'll have to plot against the peace and security of your home. There won't be any. You compelled me to come out to the country—"

"What!" I gasps. "Me compel you! Didn't I fight against it until—"

"You did," says Flora, "but didn't that naturally force me to insist on the country?"

"Sure you forced her," grins Harry. "Better let me put your application in. It doesn't cost much, we never have assessments and there are a lot of swell guys at Bagatelle to dig divots with."

"Oh, all right," I surrenders. "Send me an application."

"I may have one here," says Updike, fishing a letter from out of his pocket. "We're having a membership drive and there's probably an application blank in this."

He opens the letter and his jaw sags almost to his knees.

"What's the trouble?" I asks.

"Assessment," he mumbles. "They've voted an assessment."

• • •

Puzzling and Deplorable Items from the Press

NOTICE

Mrs. Sarah Allen is seriously sick at her home in Bayly's Neck, and all persons are requested by her sons to stop coming to see the big hog until she improves. They will let you know when she improves.

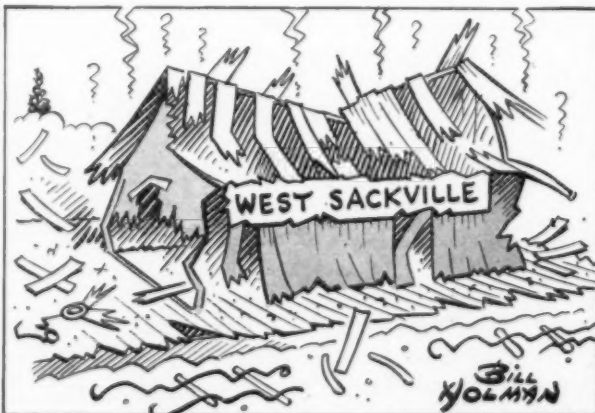
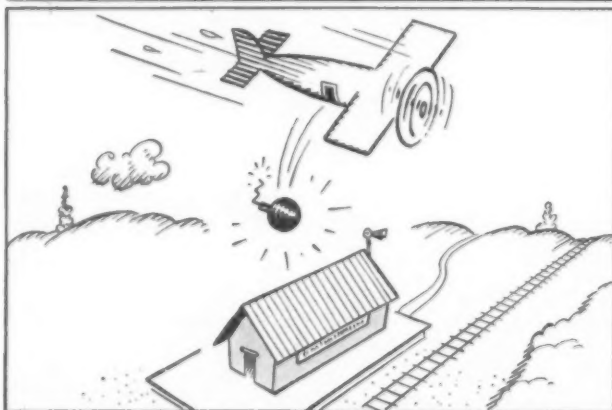
—Onancock (Va.) News.

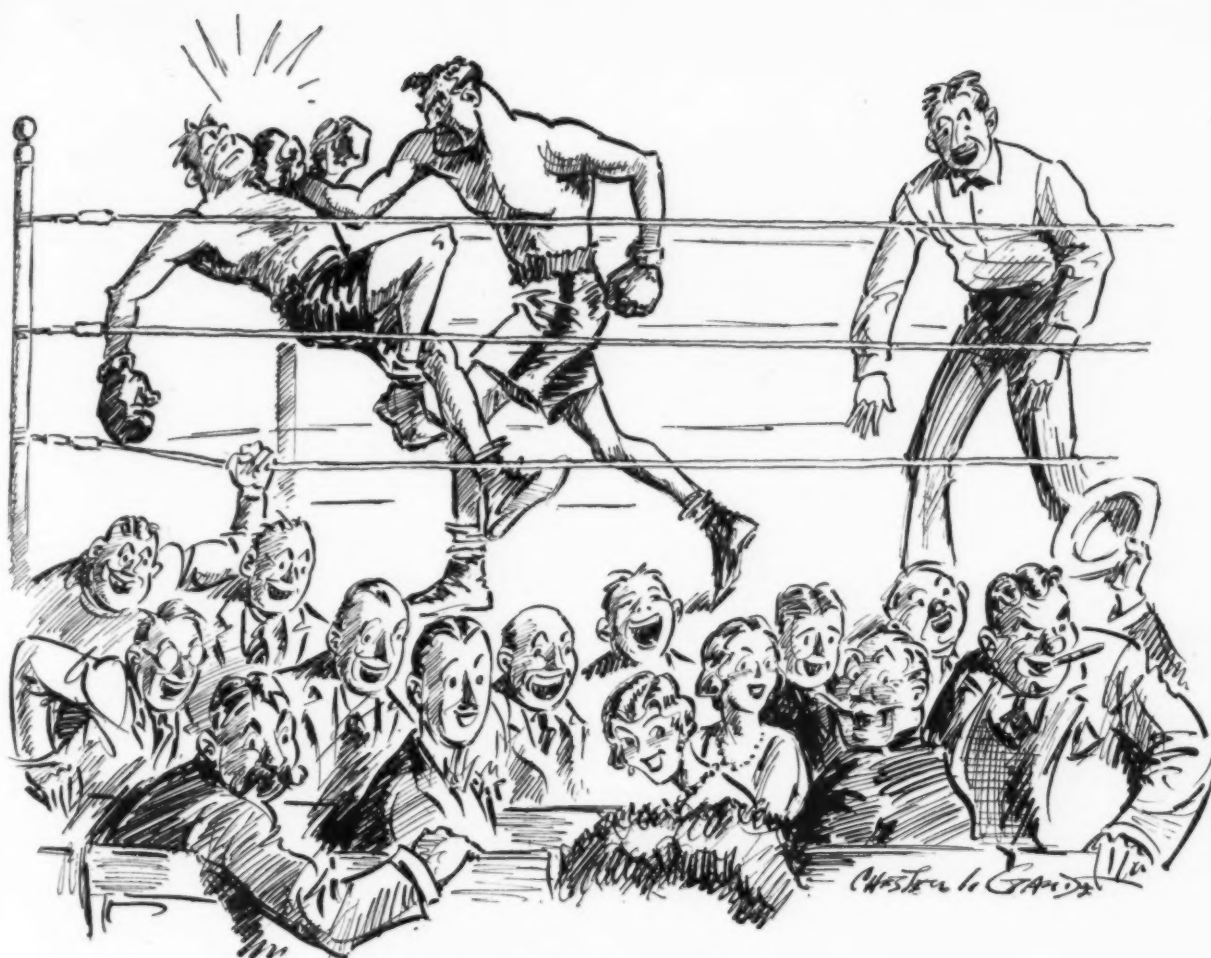
Virginia Drew, appearing in vaudeville, is not the Virginia Drew who recently committed suicide.

—Vaudeville Magazine.

Miss Barbara Trent, popular first grade teacher, entertained the father of one of her children Thursday evening.

—Boston Herald.





"There's Jack Dempsey!"

Symptoms of the Depression

(gleaned from the nation's press)

The pie supper was well attended Friday night. Everyone seemed to have a good time. The proceeds were \$18.75. Miss Ruby Phillips honored by getting the cake for the prettiest girl. Mr. "Hookey" Gorden was lucky enough to get the cake of soap for the rustiest neck man and we all think he deserved it. He looked much better Sunday night. "Hookey" you must have shared that soap with some one. "Buck" looked awfully pale Sunday night too. Mr. Bill Williams got the pie for the ugliest man. Good for him.

W. A. Salmoon killed a dog that he owned, at his residence, under the impression that he was mad or going mad.

Hoover Considering New Narcotic Head

Esq. James Wallace went to the shop today to get the burs taken out of the old sorrel's tail.

Symptoms of Recovery

November 30 last he put his arms around her and tried to kiss her, she said. December 12 he succeeded.

Wife Traded to Friend for 7 Hogs and Dog

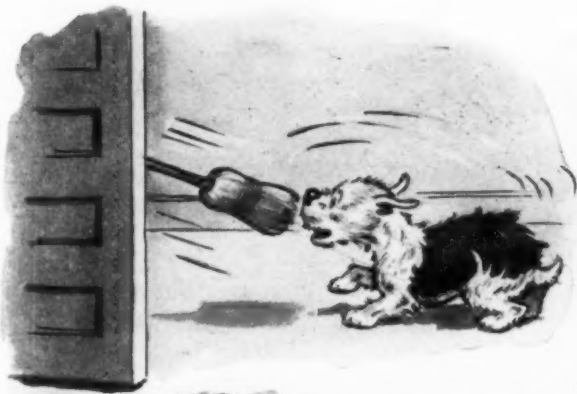
They say that Ben Calahan has been giving away clothing this week. He was rendered reckless by the appearance of a fine boy at his house.



"The liquor wasn't as good as the stuff you had last New Year's!"



..... **Gran'ma's Little Helper!**



9 10



11 12



13 14



15 16



The Letters of a Modern Father

My Dear Daughter:

I HAVEN'T been able to get to your long and disconnected essay on the virtues of switching from the college preparatory to the finishing course because the calm and peace of the happy holiday season have left me in a weakened condition. If we had had any more calm I would have been matriculating in an asylum as the last merry guest was trilling a laughing farewell at the door.

You can't appreciate the artificial and slightly insane mirth of departing house guests for you have always had the part of standing in the hall talking Southern to the hostess while waiting for James to bring the station wagon around to the door. It is the hysterical reaction to relief.

I would have your mother reply to what you say about changing your course because you have come to look upon marriage as the noblest of the careers but she started to gibber in odd moments when the population of the house reached twenty-two and the doctors say she must not be excited. Besides, her opinion might discourage you.

Your habit of getting yourself invited for your

holidays to houses with a staff of quiet and efficient servants and a couple of old maid aunties has prevented you from witnessing the career of marriage at its highest and best. When you say that seeing your roommate's mother presiding over her household in such a beautiful manner has convinced you that you should not waste four years in college you forget that you can't pick your household like you do your house parties.

Just to illustrate with one example out of the million given at our house in the last few days, if I get tired of seeing Eloise's husband leaning against the mantel glowering I can go downtown on pretense of business and gradually the picture will be erased from my mind. But your poor mother not only has to smile at him but in her contacts with Eloise has to help maintain the fiction that he is a human being.

It wouldn't have been so bad if Theodore and Henry hadn't brought home boys of the rollicking, care-free type that always travels light. The first thing we had to do was fit them both out in day and night wear. They are said by Henry and Theodore to be terribly funny fellows at whose remarks everybody dies laughing. Nobody had that good fortune at our house.

But we could have stood even them. It was the girl Phyllis brought who made your mother throw herself face downward on the cot she had rigged up for herself in the trunk room. Whatever you do, never invite the kind that starts out by saying, "Now I don't want you to go to any trouble; just make me one of the family!"

Your Affectionate Father,
McCready Huston.



"I gotta brush up on me poise
a little and de job's mine."



The new volunteer fire chief, who is also the village carpenter, always brings along a set of house plans to submit.

My Beautiful Cannibalee

It was many and many a year ago,
On an island near the sea,
That a maiden lived whom you mightn't know
By the name of Cannibalee;
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
Than a passionate fondness for me.

I was a child, and she was a child—
Tho' her tastes were adult Feejee—
But she loved with a love that was more than love,
My yearning Cannibalee;
With a love that could take me, roast or fried
Or raw, as the case might be.

And that is the reason that long ago,
In that island near the sea,
I had to turn the tables and eat
My ardent Cannibalee—
Not really because I was fond of her,
But to check her fondness for me.

But the stars never rise but I think of the size
Of my hot-potted Cannibalee,
And the moon never stares but it brings me nightmares
Of my spare-rib Cannibalee;
And all the night-tide she is restless inside,
Is my still indigestible dinner-belle bride,
In her pallid tomb, which is Me,
In her solemn sepulchre, Me.

—C. F. L.

Mrs. Pep's Diary

..by Baird LEONARD



DECEMBER 16.—Lay late, pondering this and that, in especial my bewilderment as to whether it is better to have as callers these days individuals who are suffering from the depression or those who are not. The rich ones do tell you how few frocks they will make out with at Jekyll Island, that their sisters have sailed for Europe in a cabin without a bath for the first time in their lives, that they cannot play contract for more than five cents a point, and that the employment agencies have the brazenness to ask for parlour domestics who are so clumsy that when they do follow the second man with a boat of sauce, a considerate hostess cannot keep her mind on the table talk. The sunken ones do confide that they would never have purchased even the poor rags on their backs at the moment if they had known about their husband's last cut, that they cannot afford to send their urchins to school in cabs any longer, that if the new cook-waitress cannot eat the hind part of a broiler she knows well what she *can* do, and that they suspect their affluent aunt is going to give them a set of encyclopedias for Christmas instead of the customary cheque.

Lord, Amy Blackburn did hand me such a dreary line the other day that I was at some pains not to tell her that the costly perfume I was wearing had been given me by the Salvation Army, and when I did write her a cheque for one hundred dollars so that her children might get something besides mittens and gaiters in their Christmas stockings, her first deed was to go forth and have her fortune told. I daresay I should be the last person to chide her for seeking comfort from soothsayers, but it does seem to me that indigent people are foreordained to invest in some folly with money that is given them for food and shelter, and mayhap the English are right in laying such emphasis on red flannel petticoats and pounds of tea. This afternoon to Lydia Loomis' for contract, and not very cheerfully, neither, so that it did seem incredible to me that formerly I was so a-twitter over the mere prospect of a session at bridge that I was obliged to take two or three bromides so as not to stumble flat into the taxicab. But now, with various systems of bidding struggling for supremacy, it is like having the Guelphs, the Ghibellines, the Orangemen, and the A.O.H. all turned loose in one room, with no startling accord amongst members of the same faction. What this country needs, methinks, is a federal statute

requiring all bridge players to bid the same way, with no allowance for states' rights or local option, and a marine with a shotgun stationed near every table to see that the law is enforced.

DECEMBER 18.—Every post these days is laden with appeals from charities, and I am distraught, as usual, over what to do with those to which stamps are affixed, because it is a nuisance to return them, and if I do tear off the postage and consign it to my desk drawer, I do feel like a thief or a cutthroat. To Mabel Hines' for luncheon, and we had sweetbreads saute in a yellow sauce that were the best that ever I ate in my life, and a woman there told how she had been at a party for A. A. Milne when another guest had asked him what he meant by "The Ivory Door," as though the question were the height of absurdity, but I did think it natural enough, although probably not put at the ideal time and place, and I should have given a good deal to hear Mr. Milne's answer, which I do feel sure he would have been at some pains to make. Great hilarity, too, over the circumstances which have finally driven Wilson Conant to the hunting field at Melton Mowbray, where we are convinced that he will be constantly in terror of his life, for as my cozen B. says, Wilson is the footiest man on a horse and the horsiest man on foot that ever was.

Home betimes, finding Sam there doing very well over planters' punch, and pretending his customary concern over my day and doings, which is frequently a great trial to me, for even though I should tell him that Bobbie Haynes had eloped with a chorus girl, and that Enid Wimple had dyed her hair again, and that Jim Mitchell was on the water wagon, and that Marge Boothby had shot herself through the head, he would invariably ask me, "What *else* is the news?" The next time he goes on about what a furor he would have created as a diplomat, or a sausage manufacturer, or an orchestra leader, or whatever happens to be on his mind at the moment, I shall tell him that he should have been a city editor. On the telephone talking to Freddie Sanborn, and thanking God that he was at an hotel and not on a battleship, for never shall I forget the time just after he graduated from Annapolis when I did try to reach him on the *Utah*, and all I could hear was the swish-swash of water and somebody bawling the name of the boat, and when I told him that I wanted to speak to Ensign Sanborn, the voice kept

inquiring "Is he an officer or a Man?" until when I had said "Ensign Sanborn" about twenty times, I did finally sing out, "Ay, tear her tattered *ensign* down, long has it waved on high!" and the voice replied, "Ah, I have it. But there are *two* Ensign Sanborns." So I did hang up and burst into tears. All the evening gone in reading "The Greek," astonished that a book without an old man dead on the library floor in it could keep me awake until the small hours, but I should like to have written this one myself, albeit I should have eschewed some of the Jorgen touches and not gone quite so far into Hellenic saga, but methinks that the plans for the return of an Age of Reason could not be much better. And if the author was somewhat hard on the publisher who guaranteed to manufacture books that would fall apart after one reading, so that his industry would be on a basis with that of silk stockings, he was certainly fair to Congress by giving it at least credit for refusing to use dial telephones.

DECEMBER 19.—Awake betimes, and suddenly minded not to go to the Ellingsworth's for dinner tonight, forasmuch as the only things I could be sure of was that the Hollandaise sauce would be satisfactory and that Bishop Manning was not likely to be there, and I do think life is too short to do uncongenial

things after one has reached a certain age, provided he is not a public servant or a Trappist monk. So I did grasp the telephone before my better nature had triumphed over my natural inclinations, taking care to confide my message to a minion. And to get back to Bishop Manning, Sam did read in the journals how he was the celebrant at the communion service for the convention of clergy, and did remark that it was impossible to credit his being a celebrant at *anything*. Emmy Anders to luncheon, telling me how some friends of hers had taken their adolescent son to psychoanalysts to see if he could not be cured of some of his deviltries, and how the doctors, inquiring into his infantile history, had been told that his first outstanding misdemeanor had been to smash the glass case under which his grandfather was preserving the butt of the cigar which McKinley had been smoking when he was assassinated, and take the weed out and smoke it, and it did seem to me that a little psychiatric work would not have been wasted on the grandparent. We did touch, too, on the pathos of persons who must always live in a state of ecstasy, reflecting on how few who insist on maintaining it can spell it correctly. As for me, I have become so humble that I am thinking of hanging Channing's "Symphony" on my wall, a deed which should mark the frontier of self-abasement.



"And in five weeks you'll have as fine champagne as you ever tasted."



SONNY AND PATRIC

"There's no big game over there—I bombed a



NY AND PATRICIA
 there—I bombed all that country last year!"

HELEN MORGAN

the Magnificent

by IRVING HOFFMAN

HELEN MORGAN . . . James Montgomery Flagg says she is a composite of all the ruined women in the world. Robert Garland would rather hear her sing "Bill" sitting on a piano than hear Jeritza sing "Tosca" standing on her head. Gilbert Seldes finds it difficult to disassociate her entirely from the quality of genius; Percy Hammond describes her as a raffish nightingale, and Edna Ferber sees her as an orchid slightly decayed.

She was born Helen Emma Riffin in Danville, Illinois, twenty-seven years ago. As a child she sat on Uncle Joe Cannon's lap, listening to his stories. Her mother taught Sunday school, and Helen sang in the choir of the First Church of Christ Scientist in Danville.

Her father died, and she and her mother were left to fight for a living. Today she is a great star. Asked to explain her success she answers with one word, "HUNGER." It was hunger that made her pack crackers for the National Biscuit Company, it was hunger that forced her to wait on tables, manicure nails, operate a comptometer model, work as ribbon clerk in Marshall Field's, sing in cabarets, and dance in the back line of the chorus of "Sally." It was never Helen Morgan's ambition to become a star. That position was brought about by hunger. She took to the stage because it offered bread and butter, and promised cakes and ale.

Winning the title of Miss Mount Royal in a Canadian beauty contest in 1923 started her on her stage career. She opened a vaudeville tour in Hagerstown, Maryland, after coming to New York to be greeted by Mayor Hylan. Upon completion of her vaudeville engagement she returned to New York to study for light opera at the Metropolitan Opera School under Edouardo Petri. But her funds gave out, and she was forced to look for work. She tried out for a job in the chorus of "The Follies" but was rejected. Finally she was chosen for the back row of "Sally" on its last trip out. After that, night life in Chicago, cabarets where she worked with Ruth Etting and Tamaris, the dancer, for sixty dollars a week.

Her first recognition came from Amy Leslie, the Chicago critic. Miss Leslie wrote several pieces about her and took her to New York to meet Ziegfeld. He gave her a job in the chorus of "Louis the Fourteenth." Helen waited until

Miss Leslie returned to Chicago so as not to hurt her feelings, and then quit. Lean days followed. She lived at the Community Church Club on 48th Street where the room was five dollars a week. Then she got shelter

free with a girl whose sweetie occupied the extra bed all night, and left for work early in the morning. As Helen worked all night at stags and in the clubs, it was a highly satisfactory arrangement. She used to go to Gertner's and order spaghetti—very filling—and wait for song publishers and pluggers to buy her coffee.

THEN Billy Rose hired her for the Backstage Club, an upholstered garage on 56th Street. Here she first sat on a piano. The club was so crowded that it was the only place from which she could be seen. She used it as a stage. Ring Lardner who is always assisting young musical students claims he helped Helen Morgan to the top of her first piano. But at any rate, the girl on the piano at the Backstage Club soon became an attraction. The club was packed every night with celebrities and producers. She hadn't been there five days before George White signed her for the "Scandals of 1925." Then came "Americana," a thousand and one nights in the night clubs, an engagement with the Grand Guignol Players in which she appeared in Louis Parker's dramatic sketch, "Minuet" under the name Neleh Nagrom, which is her own name reversed, and then "Show Boat." It is interesting to





"... and when you're 63 you'll have a hundred a month the rest of your life."

note that when Ziegfeld signed her for "Show Boat" she was abroad, and he did not remember her as the ugly duckling who danced in the rear line of "Sally."

"Show Boat" with "Old Man River," "Bill," and "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man o' Mine" made theatrical history and Helen Morgan. The first time she stepped on the stage of the Ziegfeld Theatre in the small role of Julie in Edna Ferber's classic, she became a star. "Sweet Adeline" and the motion picture "Applause" clinched her place in the theatrical firmament.

THE most striking feature of Helen Morgan's character is her sincerity. She refuses to say anything she does not believe. She refuses to sing anything she doesn't feel. When she sings lachrymose songs she cries because she actually feels the emotion she is uttering. That is why she has sung only some thirty different selections in the past five years.

She is extravagant and over-generous. The year before last she earned \$117,000 and spent every cent of it. How it went, she does not know. It took her mother and the government to discover that most of it went to charity. She once adopted an infant only to have its mother take it back after Helen had gone to great

expense to have doctors cure it of an ear ailment.

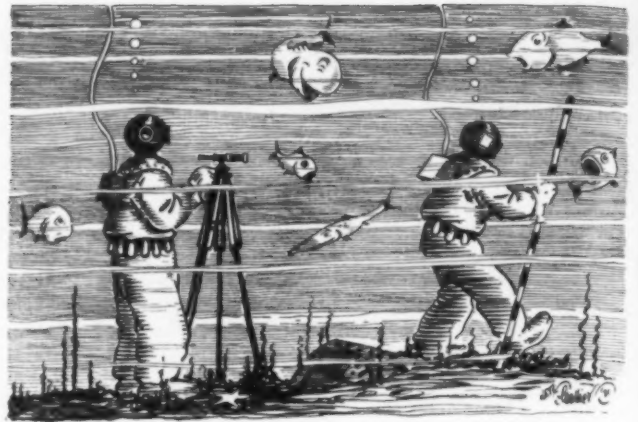
She thinks nothing of spending \$600 for a simple dress and ordering a half dozen at a time. She likes perfume, loathes stockings that have been washed and for that matter, stockings that haven't been washed, affects berets, thinks it's good luck to put a garment on backwards, often goes out of her house or the theatre for a drive in her roadster, attired only in a fur coat with not a strip on underneath, and she doesn't wear jewelry because she doesn't want to make other girls envious.

Her tousled, black hair which falls in short silky ringlets has become a trademark, but she is letting it grow long. Her legs are unusually frail and entirely out of proportion to the rest of her body. Her eyes change in color, and her hands which are lovely, are long, slim, and white, with tapering fingers rouged at the nails. She wears sandals, and when she goes for a beauty treatment she has her toe nails rouged also, bringing along her own jar of polish.

SHE has a love for fostering artistic talents. She is continually goading on and encouraging young artists, writers, and musicians. She herself can write and draw a

(Continued on page 53)

Surveyors map site
for new battleship.



The horseman puts
himself to sleep.

Life in the news...at home...abroad



Buy Now!

NEW YORK—Walter Anuzic, 26 years old, was arraigned in the Court of Domestic Relations recently on the complaints of four young women, each of whom alleged that he was the father of her child. The cases were continued to Jan. 13. Anuzic is an employee of a baby carriage factory.

Young Man of Caliber

CINCINNATI—Tempted by the curiosity which afflicts 2-year-olds, Edward Elspers swallowed a pistol cartridge at his home here. Physicians warned him not to sit too near the fire and not to fall down too violently for several days. He was released from the hospital still loaded.

No Heart, Partner?

OAKLAND—Mrs. Ethel Rescorla did not wait for Culbertson and Lenz to settle the issue. Testifying in her divorce action, she said one phase of her husband's cruelty was demanding she change her system of bridge bidding. She was granted a divorce.

Cowed

SPARKS, GA.—An election was held to determine if cows should be permitted upon the city streets. The anti-cow party won, forty-four votes to forty-two.

Just Pop

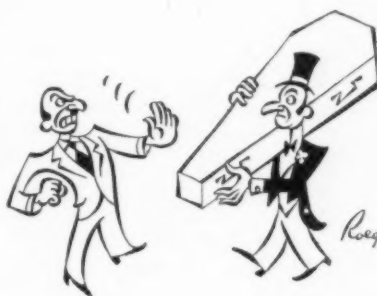
SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—A new airplane launched here was christened with literally nothing. A glass vacuum tube was broken against the plane.

Pay a Fresh Tax!

CHICAGO—Mrs. Glenn Plumb, one of the County Board of Commissioners, protested a thirty cent charge for two packs of cigarets on a jury dinner expense sheet. The ensuing debate lasted fifteen minutes, which the efficiency expert pointed out had cost the County two hundred and forty-six dollars.

Pals—Once

NEW YORK—Judge Freschi wept as he sentenced Randolph Newman to a prison term. They had been classmates in college thirty-five years ago.



What Is This Thing Called Love?

NEW HAVEN, CONN.—Three undertakers called to bury Dan Sheehan, who protested he was very much alive.

Then four physicians came to his home to treat him for an illness he did not have.

Sandwiches costing \$15 were delivered and four taxicabs arrived to give him a ride.

A sign painter called to paint him a sign he did not want. Three girls expressed a willingness to accept a \$40-a-week position he had not offered. Wreaths and flowers in profusion were delivered.

Sheehan finally protested. At his request police arrested Marion Bishop, 26, who told officers she telephoned all Sheehan's callers because he paid no attention to her.

Light Swine

HAMMOND, Ind.—Sam Geati and Angelo Loreocca were arrested for stealing four pigs and held on a charge of grand larceny, with a possible sentence of a year. But when the pigs were weighed they were found to be worth only twenty-four dollars at the current market price, which automatically reduced the charge to petty larceny, with a maximum sentence of only thirty days.

Hell Hath No Fury—

LONDON—A record for bad temper on the golf links was reported today at a club near London.

A golfer with a new set of clubs displaced a number of divots on the first eight holes. At the ninth hole he broke every club in his bag over his knee and commanded his caddy to throw them in a pond. Then he threw in his golf balls and bag. As a final gesture he withdrew his false teeth and hurled them in, too.

Ends Didn't Meet

BOURNEMOUTH, ENG.—Edward M. Clossold, aged seventy-two, went into bankruptcy. Seven years ago his doctors had told him that he had not long to live, so he spent his fortune of a hundred thousand dollars in the interim, and now he finds he is still hale and hearty.



Sauce for the Ghandi

LONDON—Mahatma Ghandi attended a reception at the home of Viscountess Astor, and was shocked at the way the women guests were clothed. He protested that they were "half dressed".

GREAT DRAMAS in SPORT . . . by Jack Kofoed

IT is six o'clock of a summer evening. West of the Hudson the mountains are wreathed in a purple haze, though the roofs and towers of Poughkeepsie shine like brass in the levelling rays of the sun.

At the starting line, above Krum Elbow, the observation train . . . like a modernized covered-wagon . . . waits for the bark of the gun, the engine puffing out feathery breaths of steam.

Penn's freshman and junior varsity crews have won their races. Though Rusty Callow's huskies from Washington are overwhelming favorites there are some Red and Blue rooters who say a new broom will be nailed to the roof of the Pennsylvania boat-house as a sign that the Quakers have swept the river.

The crews are lined up, the stern of each gripped by a man balanced like a rope-walker in the bow of a stake-boat. The faces of the oarsmen are tense. They know the agony of effort that awaits them.

Syracuse has drawn the lane closest to shore. Washington is next, and then comes Pennsylvania, Columbia, Cornell, and farthest out on the placid river, Wisconsin.

From the observation train you can see the starter, in the referee's launch, raise his arm. The sun glints on the bit of polished metal in his hand. . . . You see the spurt of smoke . . . and forty-eight brawny backs bending to their tasks before the sound of the shot claps against your ears.

BUT there's something wrong. . . . Heavens, there's always something wrong with the start of these boat races! . . . The stroke of the Pennsylvania crew signals distress. . . . His oar has splintered. The shells manoeuvre painfully back to their position. It is a slow and tedious job. . . . They line up again, waiting.

Again the pistol shot!

This time the oars dig into the water. . . . The slim shells leap forward. The

passengers on the observation train suffer dislocated necks as the engineer jerks his heavy load into motion.

The white bladed Washington oars go into the lead almost at the beginning. Syracuse, its stroke as high as a sprinting crew starting a mile race, hangs on with grim determination. Washington is the favorite, but favorites don't always win!

At the half mile the Columbia coxswain makes his bid. It's a little early for that . . . but the men from the Far West are so powerful that he fears to let them get too much of a lead. The oars swing faster and faster. The Blue and White passes Syracuse . . . crawls up on Washington and Pennsylvania.

At the mile Rusty Callow's men are rowing thirty-four strokes to the minute. They are welded into a smoothly functioning machine. Let the panic and spurts be the portion of the other crews. This one is sure of itself.

The river is a golden glow. . . . From the observation train comes prolonged yelps of excitement. . . . The men in the boats know nothing of this. They



beat against the sides of the shell is a devil's own threnody in each man's ears. . . . That resistless beat drives him on and on . . . until it ceases he must drag at the oar that becomes heavier with every stroke.

Washington is in the lead. Columbia comes up hand over hand and Pennsylvania fights off the bid for second

place. The crews burn themselves out in terrific effort.

For several hundred yards they fight, neck and neck. Then Columbia, having given its all, drops back . . . and Wisconsin's Cardinal sweeps charge on to give the Pennsylvanians another battle.

PAST the two mile mark . . . where some of the most costly and glittering yachts are anchored . . . flash the crews. By this time the Quakers are beginning to pay the price for that brush with Columbia. They try to stem the Badger rush . . . but haven't enough power left.

No one has any thought of catching Washington. Those brawny souls from the West Coast have the race won . . . but there are still the other places to fight for. Broad backs that are almost broken with weariness keep up the relentless swing.

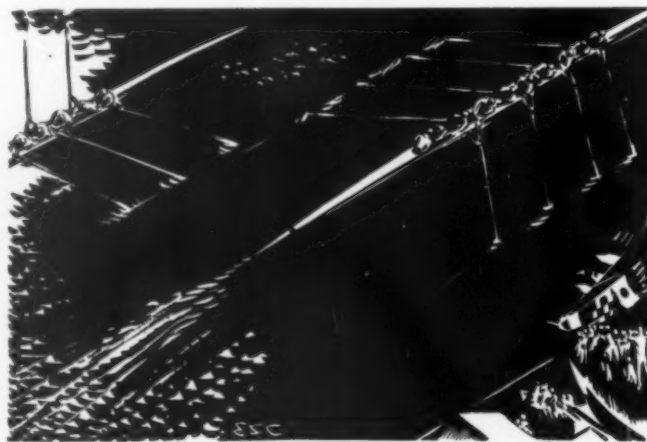
At two and one half miles Wisconsin has forged into second place. Those Pennsylvanians who had hoped for a clean sweep of the river now have given up hope.

Then, suddenly at the finish line, the shriek of sirens and the throaty booms of brass cannon announce the fact that Washington has won . . . and Wisconsin is second. Penn, staggering down the gold panelled water way, is nipped by Cornell, and after all the gallant effort finds nothing better

than fourth place for a reward. Then comes Syracuse, with Columbia trailing.

When they have some breath back in their bodies the crews exchange cheers . . . though only Washington's is a happy one. The coxswains bark orders, and the shells turn wearily up river.

The Poughkeepsie regatta is over.



" . . . the resistless beat drives him on and on."

are wrapped in the most excruciating physical effort, as they swing back and forth on the sliding seats. . . . Their shoulders ache. . . . Their arms are heavy. . . . Salt sweat drips into their eyes. . . . Their lungs pant and strain, and their hearts choke into their throats.

The chant of the coxswain and his



"GOOD HEAVENS—HOW YOU STARTLED ME!"

Manhattan Presents... by ALISON SMITH

IN contemplating, with a faint sense of depression, the recent list of fiction best sellers, my mind goes back to one immortal line in a half-forgotten novel. The book is Rose Macaulay's "Potterism"; its last edition was in 1921 and it isn't displayed in the shop-windows any more but its readers seem to be capable of more constancy than most. I find myself irresistibly drawn back to it from time to time and, while the thrills of its uncommonly exciting murder mystery plot are slightly diminished by a tenth reading, the wisdom and tolerant wit of its author's comments are a continual delight.

These present recollections deal with one character, a lady novelist of the year 1912 who must inevitably have been known as "an authoress" in the intervals when her occasional outbursts into verse did not convey on her the title of "poetess" as well. They were signed "Leila Yorke" with "Mrs. Potter" in brackets after it and Rose Macaulay characterizes them as follows:

"They were pleasant to many, readable by more, and quite unmarred by any spark of cleverness, flash of wit, or morbid taint of philosophy. Gently and unsurprisingly she wrote of life and love as she believed these two things to be, and found a home in the hearts of many fellow believers. She bored no one who read her because she could be relied on to give them what they hoped to find—and of how few of us, alas, can this be said! And—she used to say it was because she was a mother—her books were safe for the youngest *jeune fille* and in these days (even in those days it was so) of loose morality and frank realism, how important this is."

"I hope I am as modern as any one," Mrs. Potter would say, "but I see no call to be indecent."

SO many writers do see, or rather hear this call, and obey it faithfully, that many a parent was grateful to Leila Yorke.

As such a writer (and such a mother) Mrs. Potter had gained the unqualified loyalty of her daughter Clare—a nice girl, pretty as a picture and with the brains of a mentally retarded jelly-fish. Clare was useful as "a touchstone, as a foolmeter (though her mother did not call her that)" for Mrs. Potter's books—if a book went with Clare, it went with Leila Yorke's public beyond. Naturally then, Clare's enthusiasm for the maternal literary output was intense and comes surprisingly to the fore when she confesses to fastening a murder on the shoulders of an attractive and sardonic young Jew, a book reviewer. It was Clare herself who had pushed the victim down the dark stairs but, when reproached for letting the journalist suffer for the crime, she offers in perfectly adequate defense, the fact that he "wrote a horrid article in his silly paper—mostly about mother's

books." When reminded that he didn't write it, she protests "Oh well, it was in his paper anyhow" and then bursts out into an unassailable piece of logic.

"And anyhow," demands Clare, "what are books, to hurt people's feelings about?"

To which Miss Macaulay adds: "This is a laudable sentiment and one which should be illuminated as a text on the writing table of every reviewer."

What indeed! And why should an unprofessional glance at the list of novels recommended to innocent and confiding readers, arouse such bitter resentment in the breast of this casual commentator. Much of it, I suspect, may be traced to the volume which heads most of these lists—the latest Galsworthy novel called "Maid in Waiting." As one who early in life fell under the spell of Mr. Galsworthy's quiet enchantment, "Maid in Waiting" was acutely disappointing. It seems to me to be peopled by neatly drawn cardboard characters, all vying with each other in their attempt to give the most perfect example of English good form and also bent on keeping the stiff upper lip under threat of disaster that there is no room for any less Spartan expression on their well bred Mayfair faces. There is no expressing the complete indifference of this reader at least, to anything that might happen to the Charrell family. One factor in this reaction may be that I miss the Forsyte family. It is just possible that Mr. Galsworthy misses them too.

ANOTHER novelist who has deserted the characters in the continuous plot of two previous novels, is Margaret Kennedy. "Return I Dare Not" is a brief, witty study of a young playwright struggling against the emptiness and absurdities of a pseudo literary and social life. It has humor and understanding and real fidelity to the type but here again the type doesn't seem to matter much—certainly not enough to keep you in a state of palpitating eagerness as to its destiny. This undoubtedly is the penalty Miss Kennedy pays for creating living, sensitive unforgettable human beings who as members of the Sanger clan, wandered through "The Constant Nymph" and "The Fool of the Family."

At least one consistently interesting biography has emerged in the group off the fiction list. The combination of Frank Harris and George Bernard Shaw is irresistible especially as Shaw adds his own comments in rebuttal when he reads the proofs after Harris' death. The biographer himself takes his characteristic tone of "Now it can be told" and while there is little that hasn't been told of Shaw (to say nothing of what he has told himself) the book has a freshness and vitality that meets the demands of one of the most arresting figures in all literary history.

There have been several illuminating volumes



"...and now—ladies—our own Mrs. J. Sealyham will give us *HER* impersonation of Maurice Chevalier."

like this that have drifted in to this desk but they fail to pile high against the stack of sentimental or laboriously smart trash which seems to have brighter covers and more assured pretensions than ever. For the purposes of this incidental resume, they are not worth recording; their life can hardly be sustained beyond the Christmas scramble and anyway, "What are books to hurt people's feelings about?"

OR plays either, for that matter. Though the theatrical outlook has brightened perceptibly since the first dreary parade of failures at the beginning of the season. It is interesting to note that two of the most conspicuous hits of the winter deal with exactly the same theme from violently contrasting viewpoints. The theme is the practically inexhaustible one of seduction. "Cynara" is a tragedy, not only for the little shop-girl who solves her intolerable problem by suicide but for her reluctant lover who in the process of being faithful in his fashion, all but wrecks the lives of the entire triangle. "The Good Fairy" on the other hand, is a hilarious and irreverent romp; this little working girl (she is a movie usher which perhaps accounts for everything) looks forward to a fate worse than death with

unrestrained enthusiasm and carries it through to two happy endings. Both plays have been accepted with equal satisfaction by large groups of theatre-goers which indicates a liberal public attitude on exactly what should happen when lovely woman stoops to folly.

One night in the dramatic calendar was gladdened immeasurably by the return of Ed Wynn. "The Laugh Parade" has the occasionally dull moments that infest most musical shows but Wynn is there and while he is on the stage (which is, mercifully, most of the time) the result is sheer delight. He still has that manner that I remember so well from his first revue—that half apologetic eagerness to please, the nervous giggle, the disparaging shrug, the agonies of embarrassment while he watches one of his fellow zanies making a fool of himself. One line comes close to pathos. Wynn is relating an interminable movie plot to the exquisitely scornful Jeanne Aubert—one of those plots that fail to make sense even on the screen and that becomes hopelessly involved on the lips of the bore who is forcing you to listen to it. But Wynn adores it though, in the course of his happy, stumbling narrative, the suspicion arises that all is not well. A shadow passes over his vast moon face

(Continued on page 57)

Movies



by
Harry Evans

• Personal Gossip •

ONE of GLORIA SWANSON's best friends is Le Roy P. "Sport" Ward, well known New York architect and one of the most original and amusing lunatics at large. They attended the opera in a party of four. As the curtain arose, "Sport" excused himself. About ten minutes later he returned, took his seat quietly, and, holding out his hand to Gloria, whispered, "Here. Take this." Unsuspecting she accepted the object. It was an ice cream cone! As she stared in fascination at the thing it started dripping. There is only one thing you can do in a situation of this kind, and Gloria did it. . . . She started eating the darned thing . . . and at the audible crunching nearby opera patrons turned in horrified amazement and murmured hoarsely to each other, "Good God, look! Gloria Swanson is eating an ice cream cone!"

• • •

THE following is quoted from a form letter received by a well known star: "The Hollywood Boulevard Association in conjunction with Motion Picture Studios has selected a special type of wrought iron bench, featuring the names of prominent motion picture stars, to be placed along Hollywood Boulevard . . . and YOU have been chosen as one of them. Incidentally (heh heh) this bench is manufactured by us . . . at \$48.00."

It must burn Al Capone up to be out of circulation with this going on. I hope they offer one to the comical Miss Brice, because she would doubtless accept and have inscribed on the bench, "In Memory of Fanny."

AND aside from the fact that it is a silly idea, how do you suppose a gal who had been resting on one of those benches could go home and explain to her husband how come that "JOHN BARRYMORE" across her back. (Yes—it reminds me of a story, too.)

• • •

MOTION picture critics often disagree about the merits of a film, which is understandable in most cases,

but there is no reason why they should disagree about a picture like "The Struggle." How David Wark Griffith ever could have made a film so completely bad is inconceivable. Perhaps he was interfered with. The fact remains that "The Struggle" is a very bad job. The day after the premiere I picked up a New York newspaper, turned to the movie news, and there in large headlines a critic said that the picture was received with applause, and intimated throughout the review that it is well worth the price of admission.

I don't believe any person with the least intelligence who saw that picture could truthfully think such a thing. It is easy to understand why a newspaper or magazine will accept a paid advertisement which exaggerates the merits of a play or movie. That's business. But it is quite another thing when the editorial matter leads people to spend their precious cash for such junk as "The Struggle." The movie industry has already suffered from the stupid sensationalism with which it has exploited some of its products. If the press strings along with this policy of veiled misrepresentation and cheap yessing it will only kill the goose that lays the golden ads.

• • •

ONE of the laughs that is being laughed in Hollywood is the incident of the star who dyed her hair a lighter brown so she would look more like the woman who was cast as her mother in a picture. (Hint. The scene of the picture was Paris.) Then the mother became ill from what is politely known as acidosis, and another mother had to be signed up with a different shade of hair. So the star had to grit her teeth and remember the slogan of her studio—"I'd re-dye for dear old M.G.M!"

• • •

TWO startling inventions are about to make their public appearance in talking pictures.

The first is a new form of sound
(Continued on page 47)

• The New Films •

(Pictures marked [x] not suitable for children.)

"TONIGHT OR NEVER" (x)

Type. Risque Romance of Opera Star.

Cast. Gloria Swanson, Melvin Douglas, Alison Skipworth, Ferdinand Gottschalk, Boris Karloff.

Credits. Gloria clicks again. She's swell. Support excellent.

Comment. Singer decides she must "be awakened" before she can really warble. Gloria enters into the thing with a spirit that is a compliment to her new husband.

Decision. Yes.

"PRIVATE LIVES" (x)

Type. Drawing Room Comedy.

Cast. Norma Shearer, Robert Montgomery, Una Merkel, Reginald Denny.

Credits. Shearer and Montgomery do this light, colorful Noel Coward comedy better than we believed any two motion picture performers could. And full credit to Director Sidney Franklin.

Comment. Too warm for the kids, but swell adult fun. Montgomery's best comedy performance.

Decision. Yes (whether or not you saw Coward and Gertrude Lawrence do it on the stage).

"ARROWSMITH"

Type. Dramatizing Medical Science.

Cast. Ronald Colman, Helen Hayes, A. E. Anson, Richard Bennett, Myrna Loy.

Credits. Best acting in film done by Anson and Bennett in character roles. Colman good but miscast as American country doctor. Helen gives fine performance.

Comment. Film too long due to effort to do full justice to the Sinclair Lewis novel. Alternately dramatically interesting and dull.

Decision. Yes . . . because of individual performances. The film definitely does not catch the character study of medical science found in the novel.

"CUBAN LOVE SONG"

Type. U. S. Marines Fighting and Loving—With Music.

Cast. Lawrence Tibbett, Lupe Velez, Jimmy Durante, Ernest Torrence, Louise Fazenda.

Credits. Tibbett's singing . . . Durante's comedy . . . and the best screen acting Lupe has ever done. Good-humored, reasonable story well directed by W. S. Van Dyke.

Comment. Tibbett should use the soft pedal more. Jimmy's style still being cramped with lines which he makes funny in spite of the fact that they aren't. Ingenious idea in scene during which Lawrence sings duet with himself . . . no fooling.

Decision. Yes.

(Continued on page 47)



Here's a timely message! Can you read it? Solution on page 55.

Our foolish contemporaries



CUSTOMER: "I say, your lotion isn't doing my baldness much good."

BARBER: "I'm sorry to hear it, Sir. But I should go on using it. I'm sure you will find that you prefer to go bald in spite of that than in spite of any other preparation."

—Punch (by permission).



VOCALIST: "We'd better switch on to something jazzy, Fred—I've got the 'iccups comin' on again!"

—Tit-Bits.



NEW OWNER OF "THE TOWERS" (to superior butler): "An' no more of this floatin' solemnly around. I want to see you scamper."

—Punch (by permission).



VOICE FROM RADIO: "Help! Help! Help! Went the little piggy again, children."

—Passing Show.



AN UNMISTAKABLE AIR OF QUALITY



PHOTO BY Linstead

When it comes to turning out smart personal transportation—count on Chevrolet always to keep a step ahead of the rest of the industry. Last year's car won a most distinguished following—with its air of quality and character. This year's product carries out the same atmosphere to such a point that many people are actually comparing the new Chevrolet Six with leading custom-built creations. The lines are clean, smooth, and well-poised, with just the right amount of sparkle to give them freshness and individuality. The treatment of chromium-plate and bright color has been handled with skill and effectiveness. The bodies are by Fisher—which, to the man familiar with custom cars, is just about as much as you could say for *any* coachwork. Moreover, you have your choice of 20 different models, each with that matchless driving combination of Free Wheeling and silent, easy Syncro-Mesh shifting.

Priced as low as \$475, f. o. b. Flint, Michigan. Special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. Chevrolet Motor Co., Detroit, Michigan, Division of General Motors

NEW CHEVROLET SIX

THE GREAT AMERICAN VALUE FOR 1932

\$25,000 IN PRIZES!

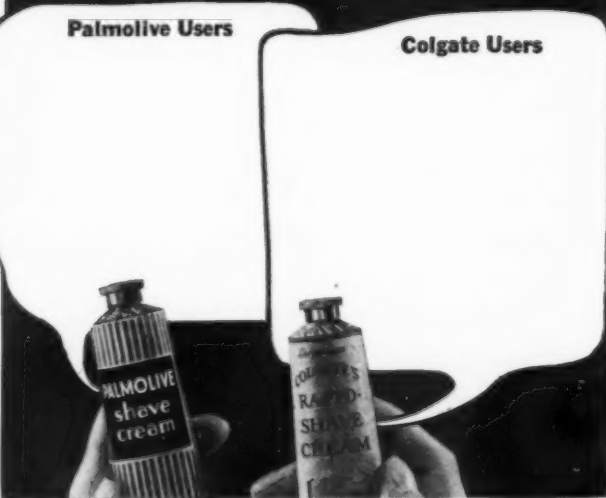
and may the best "Blurbs" win

464 cash prizes each month

2 FIRST PRIZES OF \$500 EACH.. JUST WRITE A "BLURB"



Come on you shavers—Get in on this \$25,000 argument
Walt wants you Palmolive users to say your say. Bill says "Stick with me, you Colgate users." If you don't use either, start now and take a shot at this real money.



GET into this shaving cream "blurb" contest, men! Who are *you* for—Walt or Bill? Palmolive or Colgate's?

We've discovered that men are rabid on the subject of shaving creams. Just try to tell a Colgate user there's anything better! Or try to convert a Palmolive user to anything else. You'll soon find out!

These are the two leading sellers among all shaving creams. Think of that—in a field of 176 competing brands!

What we want to know is—why do *you* like Palmolive? Or why do *you* swear by

Colgate's? Tell us! In your own words.

Hence this little contest. There's money in it—lots of money. Get some of it! Help Walt out. Or help Bill out. Notice the two empty "blurb" spaces in the last picture above.

In ONE of these spaces write what *you'd* say in favor of Palmolive—or what *you'd* say in favor of Colgate's. Write it now!

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE — for contest rules and hints to help you win

FREE SAMPLES

In case you're one of the few who do not use either Colgate's or Palmolive, they're for sale everywhere. Or—send coupon for generous free samples of both. Mail coupon to Dept. 61, P. O. Box 1133, Chicago.

Name
Address
City..... State.....

\$25,000 "BLURB" CONTEST read all about it here

CONTEST RULES

Here are the prizes for each month—464 in all!

For best Colgate "blurbs"	For best Palmolive "blurbs"
1st. \$500	1st. \$500
2nd 125	2nd 125
3rd 50	3rd 50
9 next 25	9 next 25
20 next 10	20 next 10
200 next 5	200 next 5

WRITE your "blurb" in one of the empty spaces on the opposite page, or on a separate sheet of paper. Mail with name and address to Contest Editors, Dept. E-2, P. O. Box 1133, Chicago, Illinois.

There will be six contests in all—one each month. Six sets of prizes, each set totaling \$4200, will be awarded. Prize winners for Contest No. 1 (this contest) will be decided Feb. 29, 1932. Prize winners for succeeding contests will be decided at the end of each month. Sixth and final contest closes July 31, 1932.

Contest is open to everybody except employees of the manufacturers and their families. You may enter as many "blurbs" as you wish.

In event of a tie, each tying contestant will be awarded full amount of the prize. Decision of the judges shall be final.

Some hints to help you win

Here are some facts about the world's two largest selling shaving creams—Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream and Palmolive Shave Cream. Here are some of the reasons why more men prefer these famous shaving creams than all others combined!

PALMOLIVE

1. Multiplies itself in lather 250 times.
2. Softens the beard in one minute.
3. Maintains its creamy fullness for 10 minutes.
4. Fine after-effects due to olive oil content.

COLGATE'S

1. Breaks up oil film that covers each hair.
2. Small bubbles get down to the base of the beard, hold water against each hair at skin-line and soak it soft where the razor works.
3. Gives a close, skin-line shave due to small bubble action.
4. Gives a lasting, 24-hour shave.

Personal Gossip

(Continued from page 42)

recording on discs, known as the "Hill-And-Dale" method. It is a product of the BELL TELEPHONE LABORATORIES. To explain briefly, and avoid technicalities: The form of disc recording you are accustomed to hearing in talkies, known as *Vitaphone*, is effected with records similar to the ones used on phonographs. Watch a phonograph record in use and you will notice that the needle works laterally (side to side) in following the little grooves that represent the sound. Range and volume depend on the width of these grooves. The wider the groove the less space for recording, the more the needle scratches in moving across the grooves, and consequently the quicker the records wear out.

In the "Hill-And-Dale" method the grooves in the record run up and down, and the needle is attached to a device which allows it to "float" and follow the hills and dales to pick up the sound. The record is made of a new composition which is so compatible with a diamond needle point that there is almost no evidence of scratching; range and volume are increased and clarified; a 12-inch disc will play for fifteen minutes; and one of these records has been played over a hundred thousand times without showing appreciable wear. This improvement should be a decided factor in bringing the musical talkie back to favor.

• • •

THE second invention is a new form of color film which reproduces objects in their natural hues and shades. Former color films offered only a restricted use of the primary colors. By the time you read this you may have seen a report of an arrangement between EASTMAN KODAK and PARAMOUNT for the use of this new process. The probable trade name will be "Kodacolor."

• • •

DANCING around at the St. Moritz Grill with GINGER ROGERS to Harold Stern's tango music (which makes you look at a girl that way, and gives Walter Winchell ideas). Between dances listening to Ginger composing the words and music for a lilting ditty which when completed will be titled, "What Was It That The Greeks Had A Word For?" Mighty clever gals you raise out there in Texas, stranger.

The New Films

(Continued from page 42)

"BLONDE CRAZY" (x)

Type. Romance among Petty Racketeers.

Cast. James Cagney and Joan Blondell.

Credits. James and Joan . . . expert performances.

Comment. Rough stuff exaggerated at times, but plenty of humor for relief. Obvious effort to provide box-office finish and dig up a moral weakens story. Assurance: Not a gangster picture.

Decision. Yes.

"HIS WOMAN"

Type. Romance in Tropics.

Cast. Gary Cooper, Claudette Colbert, Averill Harris and Richard Spiro (age nine months and cute as a bug's ear.)

Credits. The cast—for industry.

Comment. Hard-boiled freighter captain falls for cabaret girl when he thinks she is "good" . . . turns against her when he thinks she is "bad." But why should a man demand that the woman he loves be pure when he . . . Oh well. Let it go. Baby Spiro will make you "Oh" and "Ah" as you haven't in years.

Decision. So-so.

"FRANKENSTEIN" (x)

Type. Horror Thriller.

Cast. Colin Clive, Mae Clark, John Boles, Boris Karloff, Edward Van Sloan.

Credits. Excellent performances by Clive, Karloff and Van Sloan. James Whale's direction shows fine imagination.

Comment. A much-altered version of Mrs. Shelley's novel. Karloff's makeup as "The Frankenstein Monster" will give you goosebumps. When monster gets loose, mob goes out hunting him without weapons—the dopes!

Decision. YES for lover of "Boo!" pictures, NO for children and nervous folks.

"EXPLORERS OF THE WORLD"

Type. Travel.

Cast. Harold Noice, James L. Clark, Gene Lamb, Harold McCracken, Laurence M. Gould, Lieut. Commander J. R. Stenhouse.

Credits. Talks of these explorers more interesting than their movies. A few unusual animal scenes.

Comment. More interesting than average travel film from point of historical data and diversity of locale, but suffers from comparison on point of editing and showmanship.

Decision. Fair entertainment for the majority. Good for travel and animal film addicts.

"FLYING HIGH"

Type. Comedy.

Cast. Bert Lahr, Charlotte Greenwood, Pat O'Brien, Kathryn Crawford, Charles Winninger.

Credits. Lahr almost as funny as he is on stage. Fair support. Excellent photography of dancing groups.

Comment. Best music in stage version omitted. Producers still scared to death of sentimental ditties in talkies. Horse play between Lahr and Greenwood doesn't do credit to Director Chuck Reisner's sense of humor.

Decision. Yes.

AND DON'T SEE . . .

"SAFE IN HELL"—"THE STRUGGLE"

"SURRENDER"—"THE CHEAT"

"BEN HUR" (It's the old silent picture, with sound effects.)



contract bridge

by

ELY CULBERTSON

The Bidding

South	West	North	East
1 \diamond (1)	Pass	2 \spadesuit (2)	Pass
3 Notrump (3)	Pass	4 Notrump (4)	Pass
5 \clubsuit (5)	Pass	5 \diamond (6)	Pass
6 \diamond (7)	Double! (8)	Pass	Pass
Pass			

Trapped by Fear

DRAMA of a high order is found in many a Bridge hand. Not long ago, I witnessed the play of a Contract deal which, in many of its aspects, is a striking parallel to Charles Laughton's magnificent portrayal of the psychology of fear in "Payment Deferred", current on the metropolitan stage. In the stage drama, a bank clerk, relentlessly pursued by the consequences of his crime, is finally brought to justice. He is punished, however, for a crime that he did not commit.

In the following deal, when dummy goes down, South realizes that he has committed a crime. He has bid a slam in which he must lose a trick to an adversely held Ace and must finesse to make his contract. A "Boo!" in the dark from a smart opponent brought the criminal to justice, although, if declarer had not been pursued by his fears, he could have escaped punishment.

Contract Deal

North and South Vulnerable
East and West Not Vulnerable
South—The Dealer

♠ A-K-9-8								
♥ J-8-7								
♦ Q-3-2								
♣ A-3-2								
♠ J-10-7-6		♠ 4-3-2						
♥ A-6-5-4		♥ 10-9-3-2						
♦ 10-7-6		♦ K-4						
♣ J-9		♣ 8-7-6-5						
	<table><tr><td>W</td><td>N</td><td>E</td></tr><tr><td></td><td>S</td><td></td></tr></table>	W	N	E		S		
W	N	E						
	S							
♠ Q-5								
♥ K-Q								
♦ A-J-9-8-5								
♣ K-Q-10-4								

(1) Much more honor trick strength than the required two and a half for an opening bid.

(2) A fine jump bid forcing partner to rebid and committing the partnership to bidding conversation until at least a game declaration is reached. This bid shows not less than three honor tricks. The hand actually contains two honor tricks in the Ace and King of spades, one in the Ace of clubs and one half in the diamond Queen and the heart Knave.

(3) Showing one more honor trick than announced in the original bid.

(4) A slightly optimistic slam try. The honor trick strength shown in the two hands (three and a half in the South hand and three and a half in the North hand) justifies the slam, but the North hand lacks distributional values to justify the slam.

(5) Continuing the slam conversation.

(6) Announcing diamond support for the first time.

(7) A bold bid.

(8) A rattle of chains and a terrifying screech offstage, which accomplishes its purpose of interfering with the normal play of the hand. There is no other excuse for the double. West's bid misplaces the \diamond K for declarer. Fear lights on the perch and reason takes flight!

Timid Play!

At double dummy, of course, the hand is a lay down for six diamonds, six notrump or six clubs, but declarer plays it, due to West's psychic double, to avoid losing more than one trick, on the assumption that West has either four or five diamonds including the King and

ten. West played the Ace of hearts and followed it with the six spot. Declarer, in a panic, assuming the worst to be true, leads out his diamonds and discovers to his disgust that he could have avoided los-

ing a diamond trick.

The play of the diamonds involves a difficult problem for Declarer in view of West's very bad double. Certainly there was no excuse, even fear, to justify South in playing the hand in the only way to lose the contract. Normal play would be to lead a small diamond from the dummy, finessing the Knave. Whether the diamonds are divided three-two and the location of the King and ten are South's problems. With the ten missing as well as the King he can gain nothing by again finessing and must play for the drop of the King. If he can tell from the bidding that the King and ten are with two others in the East hand, his best play is the Queen from dummy, which the King would cover, then finessing the nine spot to trap the ten.

Can You Make Three Notrump On This Hand?

♠ 6		♠ — — —			
♥ A-9-8-6-5-4		♥ 7-3-2			
♦ Q-J-7-4		♦ 10-6-5-3			
♣ 6-4		♣ J-10-9-8-7-2			
♠ K-Q-J-9-8-7-4-2	<table border="1"><tr><td>N</td></tr><tr><td>W E</td></tr><tr><td>S</td></tr></table>	N	W E	S	
N					
W E					
S					
♥ K					
♦ 9-8-2					
♣ A					
♠ A-10-5-3					
♥ Q-J-10					
♦ A-K					
♣ K-Q-5-3					

The contract is three notrump by North and South doubled and redoubled vulnerable. What can North and South score on the hand against any lead by West and any defense? Solution in the March issue of LIFE.

Every Person Who Smokes Should Know This



How By Doing One Simple Thing The After-effects of Steady Smoking Tobacco Can Be Minimized To An Amazing Extent—WHAT TO DO

SCIENTISTS have now discovered that the element of reasonable safety, freedom from smoker's fag, head dullness and depression, can now be added to smoking in a very simple way.

Millions of smokers are already doing it. *This is what to do:*

Simply take two teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning immediately after rising and every night immediately before going to bed.

Or take two Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tablets night and morning which gives an equivalent amount of Milk of Magnesia.

This acts to alkalinize one's system. And an alkalized system is largely impervious to the bad effects of tobacco. Science has found that it's the acid system that cannot tolerate tobacco.

This small, daily dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia tends to neutralize those acids in the system.

Hence, those bad after-effects one feels now after heavy smoking go. The head is clear. The mouth sweet. One has fewer headaches. Less heaviness across the eyes, at the back of head, across forehead.

Any regular and consistent smoker should at least try this method. Results

are often remarkable. *For the system thus is largely fortified against tobacco's after-effects.*

Get genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia at any drug store. See that you get the genuine, as endorsed by doctors. Comes now in two forms. The liquid form which you already know. And the new, marvelously convenient tablets which you can carry about with you.

TWO FORMS NOW AT STORES

You can now get genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in tablet form, as well as ordinary liquid form. Each tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Milk of Magnesia. Carry the tablets with you wherever you go. They taste like mint candy.



PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

Neutralizes the acids that cause "Acid Headaches" and Sour Stomach within 15 minutes after taking!

Stop SUFFERING!

Don't risk your job with aching muscles!

WHEN damp days start up muscular aches that threaten to lay you up, can you afford to miss several days from work to nurse away the pain?

Many people can't; and in most cases it's entirely unnecessary. For all those ailing muscles need is *double-acting relief*. Simply douse on Absorbine Jr., and as you massage it in, you can actually feel a flow of fresh, warm blood—easing into the congested muscles—easing out the impurities—easing out the pain.

This is because Absorbine Jr. is a safe "rubefacient." Doctors will tell you that it helps to stir up sluggish circulation and thereby relieves the sore congestion in muscles. Since Absorbine Jr. will not blister, it can be used with massage and so brings *double-acting relief*.

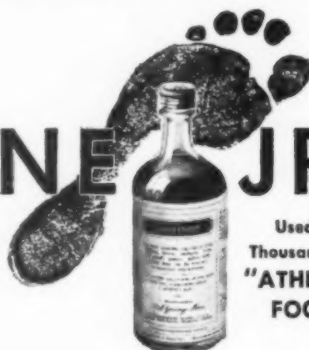
For 40 years, Absorbine Jr. has been a favorite among coaches, trainers, athletes. It's the wisest precaution against all kinds of muscular ailments. An excel-



lent antiseptic. Price \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 362 Lyman St., Springfield, Mass. Canada: Lyman Bldg., Montreal.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions



Used by
Thousands for
"ATHLETE'S
FOOT"

A Cleveland housewife hit a burglar with a can of tomatoes and knocked him senseless. Try this recipe with canned spinach.

Apparently it's a dull day with Senator Borah when he reaches his office and finds there no catastrophe waiting to be averted.

The proposed income tax increase is bad enough, but suppose we had to pay it on what we pretend we earn?

A nineteen-year-old Ohio student has been missing three weeks. Her parents are worried, but maybe she just went to a college dance.



"Oh boy—a ticket on the sweepstakes!"

The Store Elevator Operator at Home

"JOE, OH JOE, where are you?"

"Basement! Coal, wood, furnace tools, Junior's bicycle, mason jars, old gunnysacks, rusty garden implements, broken baby buggy—G-o-o-ing up!"

"Oh, there you are. My, but you're dirty—"

"M-a-i-n Floor! Living room, dining room furniture, rugs, glass and china ware, picture frames, gas and electric appliances, kitchen equipment, canned goods—A-l-l out—g-o-o-ing up!"

"Joe—wait!"

"Sorry, lady, next trip."

"Joe! Come down here—"

"Second Floor! Men's wear, ladies' wear, baby's wear, night wear, underwear, furniture, bath linen, cosmetics, toilet goods—watcher step! G-o-o-ing up!"

"Joe! Do you hear me?"

"Attic! Trunks, hope chests, window shades, screens, fishing tackle, golf clubs, party costumes, family albums, mice—stand back, please! G-o-o-ing down!"

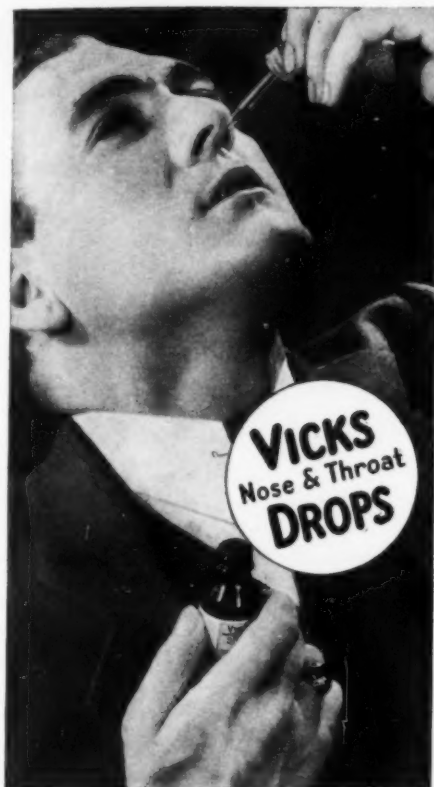
—K. B.



The man who claims the radio has supplanted the newspaper finds a fly in his room.

MAKERS OF
VICKS VAPORUB
ANNOUNCE

A New Plan for better "Control-of-Colds"



Made Possible by the
Development of a
New Product Based
on a New Idea for
Prevention of Colds

FURTHER REDUCES FAMILY "COLD-TAX"

A quarter of a century ago, Lunsford Richardson, Sr., a North Carolina druggist, developed a new idea in *treating* colds — and with it Vicks VapoRub. Now, after years of research, Vicks chemists have developed a new idea in *preventing* colds — and with it Vicks Nose and Throat Drops. These two are companion products — they aid and supplement each other. Together, they make possible the Vick Plan for better "Control-of-Colds" in the home.



HERE, BRIEFLY, IS THE NEW VICK PLAN:

1. Before a Cold Starts

Watch yourself and your children when exposed to anything that you know is apt to bring on a cold, such as —

Contact with others having fresh colds—crowds, stuffy ill-ventilated rooms, public places—a night on a Pullman or a dusty automobile ride—sudden changes in temperature—inhalation smoke, dust, gases—excesses in living, such as over-eating, smoking or drinking, which reduce body resistance—after a hard day when you are over-tired.

Then—if you feel that stuffy, sneezy irritation of the nasal passages, Nature's usual signal that a cold is coming on — use Vicks Nose Drops at once—just a few drops up each nostril. Repeat every hour or so if needed. This will prevent many colds by stopping them before they get beyond the nose and throat—where most colds start.

2. After a Cold Starts

At night, massage the throat and chest well with Vicks VapoRub (now available in white "stainless" form, if you prefer). Spread on thick and cover with warm flannel. Leave the bed clothing loose around the neck so that the medicated vapors arising can be inhaled all night long.

If the air-passages are badly clogged with mucus, melt some VapoRub in a bowl of hot water and inhale the steaming vapors for several minutes. (If there is a cough, you will like the new Vick Cough Drop—actually medicated with ingredients of Vicks VapoRub.)

During the day—any time, any place—use Vicks Nose Drops every few hours as needed. This gives you full 24-hour treatment and without the risks of too much internal "dosing," which so often upsets digestion—especially of children.

—TRIAL OFFER TO VICK USERS—

We believe that these two products—used as directed in the Vick Plan for better "Control-of-Colds"—will greatly reduce your family's "Colds-Tax" in money, loss of time and health. We believe this so strongly that we have authorized all druggists to sell Vicks Drops to any user of Vicks VapoRub on trial—to refund the

purchase price if you do not find the Vick Plan for "Control-of-Colds" more than satisfactory in your home.

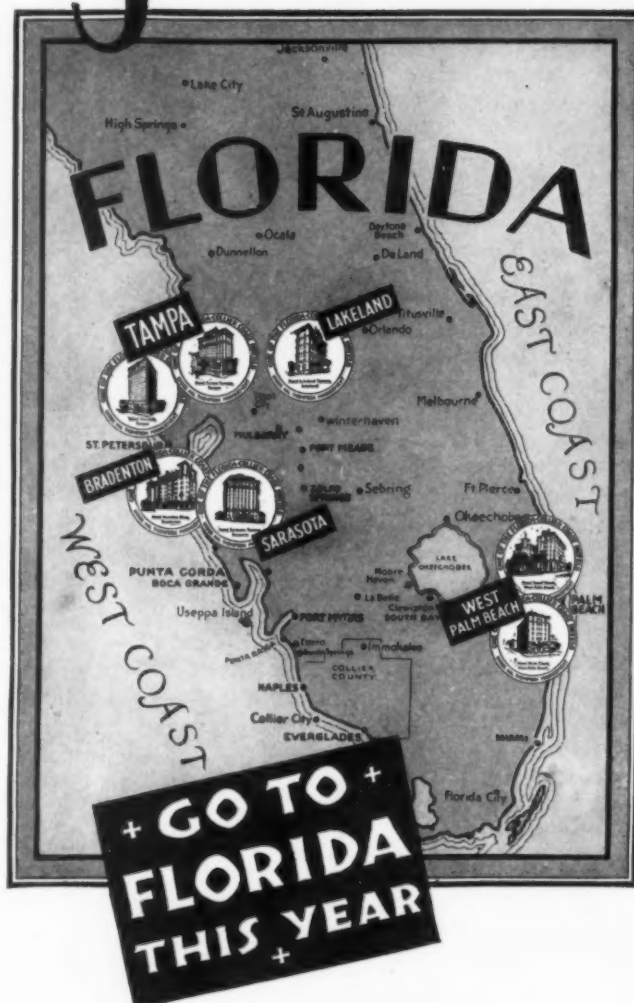
VICK CHEMICAL COMPANY

Lunsford Richardson PRESIDENT

Stepping Stones

If you were bent on seeing the best of Florida's playland, you could do no better than to make the Florida-Collier Coast Hotel chain your headquarters. These delightful modern hotels are located like stepping-stones right across the heart of Florida's resort and recreation centers. When you move from one Florida-Collier Coast Hotel to another, you will find that all it is necessary for you to do is, notify us of your intention. We will take care of all the details incident to the change and you will find in every hotel of this chain, the same thoughtful provisions for your comfort, and the same alert attention to your every need so characteristic of Florida-Collier Coast Hotel service.

HOTEL LAKELAND TERRACE . . . Lakeland, Florida
 HOTEL FLORIDAN Tampa, Florida
 HOTEL TAMPA TERRACE Tampa, Florida
 HOTEL MANATEE RIVER Bradenton, Florida
 HOTEL SARASOTA TERRACE Sarasota, Florida
 HOTEL ROYAL WORTH West Palm Beach, Florida
 HOTEL DIXIE COURT West Palm Beach, Florida



FLORIDA-COLLIER COAST HOTELS, INC.
 under HAL THOMPSON management



Helen Morgan— the Magnificent

(Continued from page 35)

bit. She plans some day to write her own biography. Her nickname is "Mousie." All her stationery has a picture of a mouse on it, and even her cable address is "Mousie, N. Y." She's nervous and temperamental, but at the same time she's reliable. Usually she's before time in keeping appointments, and she's seldom missed a performance.

She's been engaged countless times, and is constantly in love with a few men. Old sweethearts are always dropping into her club, and she usually has a devilish time remembering their names.

She attended schools all over the country, but most of her education was gotten from books and conversation with people. Today she is a well informed, highly intelligent and cultured woman. Her latest hobby is collecting first editions, and SHE READS THEM. Her favorite writers are James Joyce, James Stephens, Saki, Ernest Hemingway, and D. H. Lawrence.

Her ambition is to some day push back her piano, toss away her songs, and appear in dramatic roles. What will she play? Anything. So long as it permits her to be sincere. Many critics have suggested that she would be an ideal "Camille." Perhaps some day she will. Or perhaps Miss Ferber will take the character of Julie to tell what happened to her after she disembarked, in a sequel to "Show Boat." But until then, she will go on singing her sad songs with tragic, heavy lidded eyes, with tears coursing down to the tips of her beautifully torn mouth, little realizing that the piano's her world, and she's on top.



BARBER:—"Looks a little thin on top!"

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR IT—COOL



THE 2 INGRAM BARBERS • TERRY TUBE OR JERRY JAR

If the grand old Greek who lived in a tub ever tried Ingram's he'd have founded the Getta Betta Shave Society and acknowledged that here was the one best shaving cream!

For Ingram's is honey to the cheek and death to the whiskers. It's

cool! Cool!! COOL!!!

—as the snows of Olympus!

Ingram's is packaged in the handy-squeezing tube and the economical old blue jar. Both are crammed to the cap with the coolest shaving soap that ever soothed a cheek and softened a whisker!

For Ingram's Shaving Cream has a formula that's secret, different and utterly exclusive. It's based on three special

ingredients, three elements that give the soothing effect of a shaving cream, a lotion, and a skin tonic in one! You put an end to those nasty little razor nicks that often make shaving a painful chore.

Hoist the cool blue-and-white colors of Ingram's on your bathroom shelf today. Buy the jar or buy the tube—it doesn't matter which. Or, if you want to be convinced before you buy, try ten cool Ingram shaves **FREE!** Clip the coupon for the shaves that cheer! They're absolutely at our expense!

INGRAM'S
Shaving Cream
IN TUBES
OR JARS!



BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. E-22
110 Washington St.
New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.

Name _____
Street _____ State _____
City _____

The PARKER GAMES



Camelot

A GAME BY GEORGE S. PARKER

You are doubtless playing Camelot—like all those who appreciate the best in games and other things. If you are using the regular editions, you can double your fun by getting the Castle Set with the attractive Red and White Ivoroid Pieces—or the Tournament Edition with the Large Squares, and Large Felted and Weighted Playing Pieces.

Also, why not try Camelot with the new point scoring, the next time you entertain? It's a new and exciting form of game fun!



CASTLE Set, Ivoroid Pieces...\$5.00
TOURNAMENT Edition, Large Felted and Weighted Playing Pieces...\$7.50
POPULAR Edition, Red Bd...\$1.50
CHEAP Edition...\$1.00

At Leading DEALERS in games everywhere or by mail from us.

What Experts Say of Camelot

Sidney S. Lenz says, "Camelot is a remarkable game—I play it a lot."

Milton C. Work writes, "In Camelot Mr. Parker has originated a brilliant game of extraordinary fascination. Camelot is one of the few really great games."

E. V. Shepard says, "The game is one of dash, daring, plots, counterplots, unexpected happenings, putting Camelot in a class of its own. It is a masterpiece in games—a new delight!"

Other Famous PARKER GAMES includes: Ping-Pong, Rook, Derby-Day, PIT, Lindy, Pegity, Halma, Five Wise Birds, Touring, Pastime Picture Puzzles, etc.

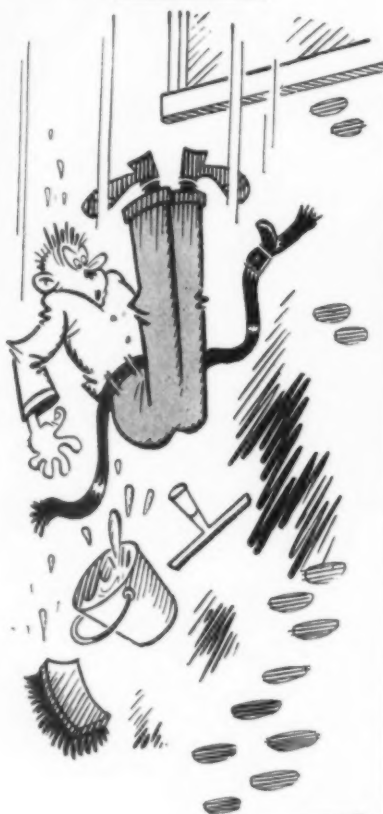
"The Standard of Excellence in Games"

PARKER BROTHERS INC.
SALEM, MASS., NEW YORK, LONDON

La Argentina, the dancer, was the first to receive a decoration from the new Spanish republic. She went over there and clicked.

"Wild geese," we read, "start north in February." This, perhaps, is one of the reasons why geese are called geese.

Jim Londres, champion wrestler, recently put a challenger named Steele on his back in 57 minutes, thus breaking a record formerly held by Wall Street.



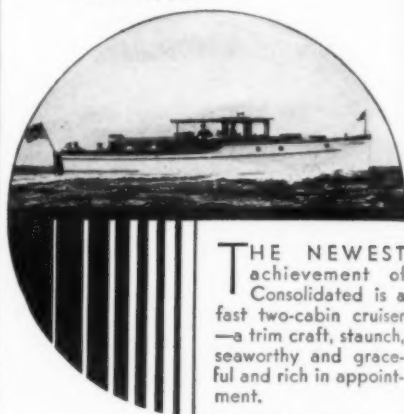
Hah! A prospect!

A COMFORTABLE NEW CRUISER 1932 DESIGN BY CONSOLIDATED

AT MOTOR
BOAT SHOW

SPEEDWAY
POWERED

INSPECT this splendid craft at the New York Motor Boat Show, Grand Central Palace, January 22nd to 30th, Space A-3, Main Floor.



THE NEWEST achievement of Consolidated is a fast two-cabin cruiser—a trim craft, staunch, seaworthy and graceful and rich in appointment.

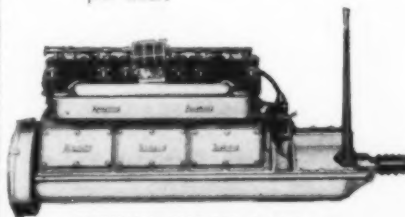
• Length 47-ft.; beam 10-ft. 6-in.; draft 3-ft. 4-in.; double plank hull, copper fastened.

• Forward cabin has two transom berths, wardrobes, dresser and separate toilet room.

• After cabin has four berths, separate toilet room, wardrobes.

• Captain's room forward, also complete galley.

• Efficiently and economically powered with one 6-cylinder 180 H. P. Speedway Engine located underneath the bridge deck. Speed 20 miles per hour.



SPEEDWAY ENGINE, Model MP, 180-H.P. Smooth, quiet, dependable power in abundance. See Speedway Engine exhibit, Space 407, Fourth Floor, at the Motor Boat Show.

CONSOLIDATED SHIPBUILDING CORP.

DESIGNERS AND BUILDERS OF PLEASURE AND COMMERCIAL CRAFT AND THEIR PROPELLING MACHINERY SINCE 1885

MORRIS HEIGHTS

NEW YORK CITY

How To Solve A Rebus

Editorial Note: We regret that this issue of LIFE had to go to press before the closing date—Jan. 10—of the rebus contest, and the solutions of the three contest rebuses will therefore appear in the March issue of LIFE.

The following article, which explains how to solve the rebus on page 43, was written by Harry Grant Dart, the artist whose skillful hand and fantastic imagination are responsible for this new puzzle craze—which thousands consider the pleasantest form of torture they have ever known.

MOST anybody who can understand the Einstein theory or make out an income tax report should find little difficulty in solving a rebus.

We take the one published in this issue as an example. It looks a bit complicated, perhaps, but is really quite simple. "As", in commencement, is followed by a group of letters which you will find contains the alphabet, if you look sharp, and right away you have "As all the letters that", which is encouraging. But *that* what? you should ask yourself at once. The container coming next may hold glue but nobody ever heard of strawberry glue and it is "jam", obviously. The word "our" follows jam and then comes two figures of the masculine gender. They may be dramatic critics, bond salesmen or parachute jumpers by profession but not much thought should be wasted in deciding they are just males and now we have "As all the letters that jam our mails" and a clue to the sentence. We will not insult your acumen by explaining that the teeth are "filled" and that "adverse" is expressed by the happy little poem—to which we lay no claim to authorship. The dash above the lower case "a" makes it "abroad", of course, and the bird, a rhea, does very nicely, indeed, to establish "re-appear amid" in conjunction with the geometrical symbol accompanying it. The pictures are "scenes"; the bonnet, "childhood"; ditto means "the same"; the cane is a "stick" and the remainder of the sentence is so simple that it need not be explained.

The brain should be limbered up and running free by now and the next sentence may be attacked with confidence. You have been shown the way and that plots are "lots" should occur to you at once. If you have ever attended a church sociable, where recitations were prevalent, you must know all about Curfew and

(Continued on page 61)

A D E M O C R A C Y I N I N D U S T R Y



IN THE PAST TEN YEARS the number of Bell telephone calls made daily in this country has doubled.

The American people do not double their use of anything unless it returns a dollar's worth of value for each dollar spent.

A telephone in your home costs only a few cents a day. Yet it brings to your service the use of billions of dollars' worth of property and the efforts of hundreds of thousands of skilled workers. Fair pay to the workers and a modest profit on this property is all you pay for. There are no speculative profits in the

Bell System. Everyone, from the president down, works for salary and pride of achievement.

More than six hundred thousand people are shareholders of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company. There are shareholders in every state of the Union. About half of them are women. One out of five is a telephone employee. But no one owns as much as one per cent of the stock.

The Bell System, in the best sense of the word, is a democracy in industry . . . operated in the best interests of the people who use it.

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

OBEY THAT IMPULSE!

LIFE,
60 East 42nd Street, New York City

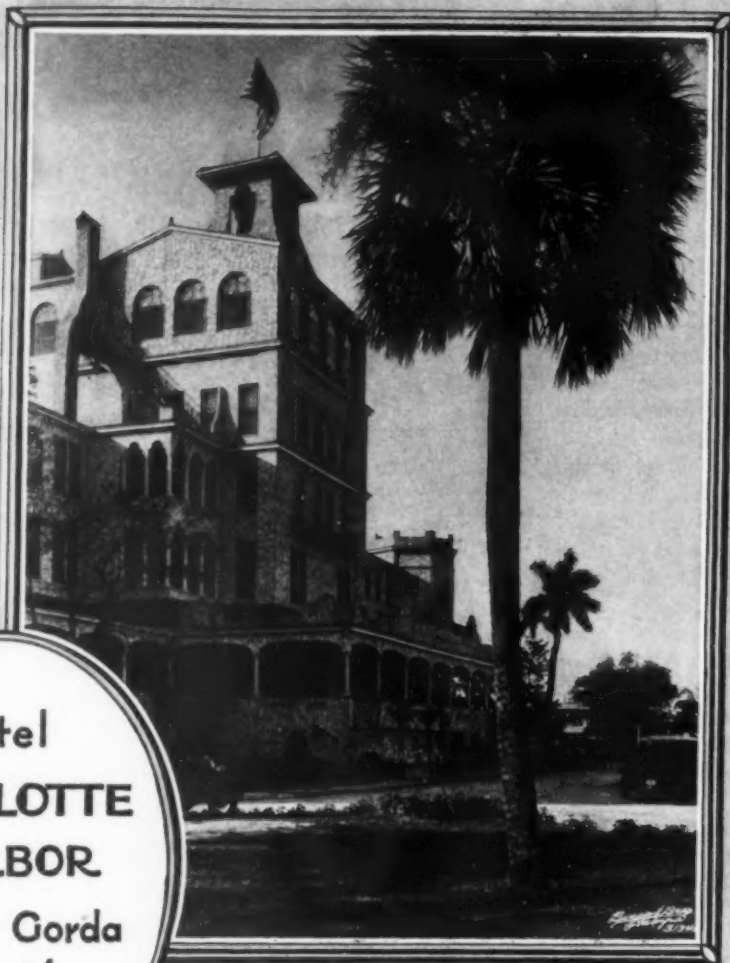
Enclosed is \$1.50 for which please enter my subscription for Life for one year.

(Canada \$2.10 Foreign \$2.10)

Name _____

Address _____

L2



Hotel
**CHARLOTTE
 HARBOR**
 Punta Gorda
Florida

FACING beautiful Charlotte Harbor on the Gulf Coast of Florida—a delightful, perfectly appointed hotel, featuring a famous cuisine and exceptional service. Own 18-hole golf course, tennis courts, gun traps, bathing beach, 80' x 176' fresh water swimming pool—guide staffs for hunting and fishing. Quail shooting—tarpon fishing—black bass fishing. On the Tamiami Trail. Wire reservations or write for descriptive booklet to Peter Schutt, Manager, Hotel Charlotte Harbor, Punta Gorda, Florida.

Manhattan Presents—

(Continued from page 41)

upturned to the haughty beauty before him. "Is it interesting the way I'm telling it?" he implores wistfully. After that we broke down completely and were prepared to listen to five more reels of any movie plot. Or to anything else provided it is Ed Wynn who is doing the talking.

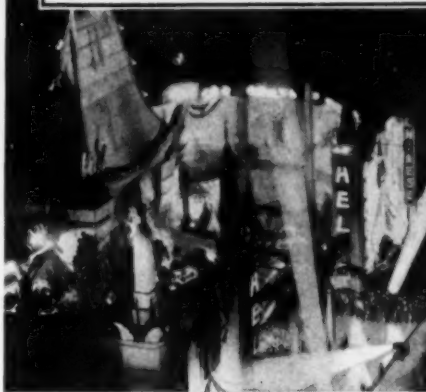
With "Schwanda" flourishing and with "Wozzeck" wreathed about with enthusiastic reviews, the Metropolitan Opera House is, at the present moment, resting comfortably on its laurels in the production of novelties—as well it might. There has been, however, one short opera, new to this country and to the fervant admirers of "L'Amore dei Tre Re." Montemezzi's latest work is called "La Notte di Zoraima" and in it the composer of the "Love of Three Kings" deals (less regally) with one king, one princess and much melodious love.

An engaging new musical fantasy came down from the far reaches of Claremont Avenue to the more commercial corners of Broadway. It is the Juilliard School's production of "Jack and the Beanstalk" described (a shade too whimsically) as "a fairy opera for the childlike." This characterization would seem to place unnecessary limitations on the audience for the piece was received with delight by many who had long ago left their toys to crumble in the attic. As a matter of fact, the immortal story which John Erskine adapted and which Louis Gruenberg set to music had a more direct appeal to the adults in the audience than to the group gently classified as "childlike." I am told that one music lover, aged five, burst into floods of terrified tears at the appearance of the giant who managed somehow to sing soprano and basso duets with himself—an unprecedented accomplishment and one which places him as my favorite figure in opera. There is also a cow who sings with all the coy graces of the typical prima-donna and this gifted creature has the figure as well. Mr. Gruenberg's music has exactly the right quality—half-rueful, half-humorous—to meet the enchanted story.

A roomer in Lynn, Mass., threw his landlady from a second story window three times. During the long winter evenings, anything for fun.

Statistics show that only ten out of every 2,500 applicants pass the tests and become radio announcers. This is too many.

It's this summer or never for this* vacation



A Hollywood "first night"

...you can do it in two weeks

A SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA vacation is always memorable. But this year you can add to all that this world-playground offers, the Olympic Games, world's greatest sport spectacle! Never again, such a vacation opportunity.

Come for the finals if you can, July 30 to August 14. But come any time this summer. Champions and celebrities from all the world will be here, and festival will reign all season.

Rainless days and cool nights will add to the pleasure of every vacation delight. The sparkling Pacific with its exotic pleasure-islands. Mile-high mountains and forest-bordered lakes. Settings that lend new thrills to every sport. The romantic atmosphere of ancient Spanish Missions, palms, orange groves and colorful Old Mexico closeby.

Near Los Angeles are resorts like Pasadena, Beverly Hills, Santa Monica, Glendale, Long Beach and Pomona... Hollywood, with its gay night life... everything to provide that big vacation you need this year.

Note low costs

By rail (new low summer fares) from most points in the country, even a two-week vacation gives you at least eleven days ac-

tually here. And costs while here need be no more than those of an ordinary vacation. For in this year 'round vacationland you escape the "peak prices" necessary in short-season resorts. We prove these statements in a remarkable new book which the coupon below brings you free.

FREE NEW 64-PAGE VACATION BOOK OLYMPIC GAMES INFORMATION

The book outlines, day by day, a summer (also a winter) visit to Southern California, including over 100 interesting gravure photographs, map, information about routes, itemized daily cost figures, etc. ... perhaps the most complete vacation book ever published. With it, if you wish, we will send, also free, another book giving Olympic Games details and schedules, with ticket application blanks. Send the coupon today. Start planning now!

(If you wish another beautiful book, "Southern California through the Camera," include 4 cents in stamps to cover mailing cost.)

Come for a vacation you'll always remember. Advise anyone not to come to Southern California seeking employment lest he be disappointed, but for the tourist the attractions are unlimited.



Movie making



Spanish Missions



Glaciers not far away



The cool Pacific

*the Olympic Games in SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

All-Year Club of Southern California, Ltd., Div. C-2, 1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

Send me booklets I have checked below:

- ☐ Free new 64-page illustrated book with details (including costs) of a Southern California vacation.
☐ Detailed Olympic Games schedules and ticket application blanks.
☐ "Southern California through the Camera" (4 cents enclosed).

Also free booklets about counties checked below:

- ☐ Los Angeles ☐ Orange ☐ San Diego ☐ Santa Barbara
☐ Los Angeles Sports ☐ Riverside ☐ San Bernardino ☐ Ventura

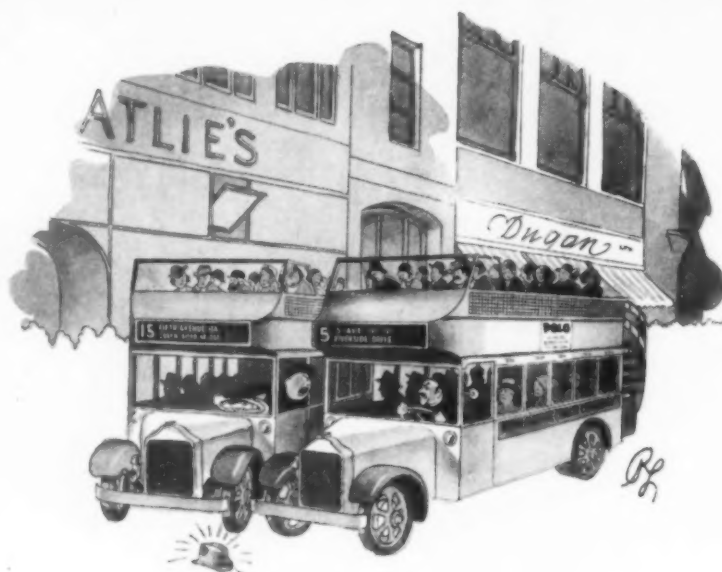
Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

(Please Print Your Name and Address)



"I saw it first!"

Many former car owners

Are now using Taxis

Many former taxicab riders

Are now using the Fifth Avenue buses

Many former Fifth Avenue bus passengers

are now using street cars, elevated lines and subways

A prominent advertising agent the other day insisted that these were the facts. My answer to him was, "If so, who loses when it comes to advertising in these various media?"

Last year the Fifth Avenue buses carried 58,922,140 passengers—39,214,760 inside, 19,607,380 upstairs.

Undoubtedly the purchasing power of Fifth Avenue bus passengers as a group is larger on the average than any other group

segregated by any other one advertising medium in the city.

Bus passengers are reached by advertisers in the buses at a logical time, when they are on their way to the shopping district. Fifth Avenue buses are the only means of transportation on the Avenue outside of taxis and private cars.

Rate card and other information will be sent upon request.

Agency commission 15%—Cash discount 2%

JOHN H. LIVINGSTON, JR.

Advertising Space in the Fifth Avenue Buses

425 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City

Telephone CAledonia 5-2151

This Man's Wife Teaches Him To Enjoy His Pipe

**Finds New Tobacco
When All Others Fail**

Walter H. Noble is a lucky fellow. For not every man has a wife who knows what to do when his pipe goes back on him and he's at his wit's end to know what to do to get real smoking satisfaction. Let Mr. Noble tell you in his own words what happened:

19 W. 44th Street
New York City
Oct. 2, 1931

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.

Gentlemen:

For many years now I have been just an "off and on" pipe smoker, for I have never been able to find a tobacco that had no bite and no unpleasant aftertaste. During this time I've smoked many, many brands—some costly, some cheap. My sister even sent me an expensive pipe from Paris, but it was no go.

The pipe was all right, but not the tobacco. Last summer while up in the country my wife saw one of your advertisements in a magazine, and sent for the sample offered. The sample never arrived, but your letter stating that it had been mailed did. This stimulated my desire to try your tobacco, so I bought some. I want to say that I am grateful to you for bringing this fine tobacco to my attention. I really enjoy my smoke now, and my pipe has at last come into its own.

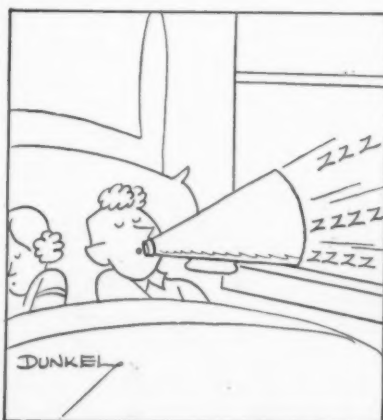
Most cordially yours,
Walter H. Noble

P.S. Never mind the sample now. Send it to some other man who may have had the same trouble I did. If he tries it I feel sure that he will be a convert.

There's a man who'll leave no stone unturned to find just the tobacco he wants! Even when his Edgeworth sample failed to arrive, he made up his mind to give this tobacco a try anyhow. And, happily, he found what he wanted. Speaking of samples, that was a thoughtful P. S. that Mr. Noble appended to his letter—just the kind of good luck one enthusiastic pipe smoker would wish another.

Your name and address, sent to Larus & Brother Co. at 113 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va., will bring you a generous sample packet of Edgeworth. If you get the smoking enjoyment out of it that most men do, you can be sure of finding the same fine quality in the Edgeworth you buy at any tobacco store, for Edgeworth quality is always the same.

You can buy it in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes from 15 cent pocket package to pound humidor tin. And, by the way, you'll enjoy listening to the Dixie Spiritual Singers as they sing in the Edgeworth Factory over the N.B.C. Blue Network every Thursday evening.



Don't trifle with a lady's affections!

send the
VALENTINE candy
whose

...freshness
you can see

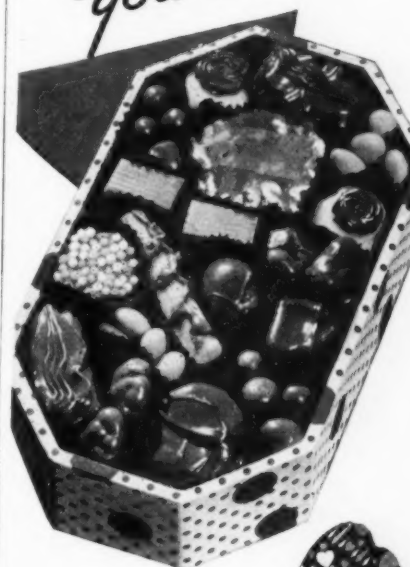


TABLEAU ... newest and
smartest of candy packages

... is amazingly uncostly! The tempting candies glow before your very eyes—you see their fresh perfection yet dust can never enter, hands can never touch them. The distinctive package is covered with modern French paper. The candies are masterpieces from the superb Johnston repertoire.

FOR VALENTINE'S DAY ... these same fresh, superior candies have been smartly packed in French-heart packages. There are sizes and assortments for every taste and purse. Just be sure the name is Johnston's—then there's no possibility of her disappointment!

Johnston's CHOCOLATES

New York Milwaukee Minneapolis Oakland

JOHNSTON'S CHOCOLATES, Milwaukee, Wis.
Send free, "My 3 Smartest Bridge Parties."

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

*Eases the Journey
back to Health*

VICHY CÉLESTINS

long known to the medical profession, is extensively prescribed in stomach and liver affections.

This natural alkaline mineral water from the Spring at Vichy, France, the famous health resort, is obtainable from your druggist or grocer.

American Agency of French Vichy, Inc.
Fifth Avenue at 42nd Street, New York

Golf!



Beside Tropic Palms!

Pack your clubs—take the train south—step from your Pullman into the Belleview Biltmore! ★ Two 18 hole golf courses. Billy Burke, American Open Champion, is ready to help you break your par! **Rest and Play**—There is no vacation spot like Belleair on the West Coast of Florida. Boating, fishing, surf and pool bathing, riding and tennis. Dances, concerts and carnivals are part of a long established, social life. **Modest Rates**—Famous cuisine on American Plan. Luxurious rooms or private cottages. For reservations, address The Biltmore, New York.

George W. Sweeney, Pres.
Robert S. Maffitt, Vice-Pres.
C. A. Jenkins, Vice-Pres.
Frank W. Regan, Manager

BELLEVIEW BILTMORE

On the West Coast—Belleair, Fla.
Bowman Biltmore Service

Broadcastings

(Continued from page 17)

was found only in Russia, but this authority on music wrote before the Revolution, and apparently there's been a "dumping" of contra-bassi on these shores which has passed unnoticed by Congress. I'm in favor of a prohibitive tariff, or at any event, of some drastic action by the Department of Commerce and Labor, so as to prevent a human contra-basso entering the country even with a six months' temporary license. And all this brings us to a discussion of the Russian gypsy song, which is sung as an accompaniment to blinis, borscht and bunk in some of our Russian restaurants in New York. It has always seemed to me that every Russian gypsy song was composed by one composer only, or perhaps that all Russian gypsy songs are the 1818-1918 one-model output of the Gypsy Song Mfg. Co. of Moscow. As sung by the aged contralti of Russian restaurants, they sound like an acute bilious attack with a guitar obbligato.



"People have always told me that I looked like you."

Solution of January Crossword Puzzle

S	E	P	A	L		C	R	O	W	S		H	I	N	T	S
M	A	R	I	E		L	A	B	E	L		A	D	O	R	E
A	G	I	L	E		A	S	I	D	E		C	A	B	I	N
R	E	D		W	A	S	H		D	I	S	K		L	A	D
T	R	E	P	A	N	S		S	I	G	H		B	E	D	S
			L	Y	E			M	A	N	H	O	L	E		
	D	O	D	O		W	R	O	N	G		V	O	S	G	E
E	L	I	T	E		A	D	D		L	E	C	T	U	R	E
A	D	A		D	A	T	E		S	I	L	K		I	R	E
L	E	N	T	I	L	S		O	P	E		S	O	D	O	M
S	N	A	I	L	L	S		I	N	A	N	E		H	E	R
			F	E	I	G	N	E	D		L	E	I			
C	A	L	F		K	I	S	S		B	A	R	O	N	E	T
A	L	I		B	E	N	T		L	O	N	E		O	A	R
R	A	N	E	E		G	A	S	E	S		C	A	R	T	E
O	M	E	G	A		E	T	O	N	S		T	I	M	E	S
M	O	R	O	N		R	E	L	A	Y		S	T	A	R	S



Sedgefield Inn

Sedgefield-Greensboro,
North Carolina

Proximity to the large eastern centers of population is an important factor in Sedgefield Inn's increasing popularity with men of affairs. It meets their hurried demands for quick transition from business to play—just overnight from New York, Philadelphia, Washington, almost anywhere.



Sports facilities are complete, and right at the door. Golf, with green grass greens, on a Donald Ross 18 hole course that surrounds the charming hotel. Riding over your choice of more than fifty miles of enchanting woodland trails. Tennis, gunning, motoring. An outdoor sport for every hour.



Sedgefield Inn is like a bit of Old England attractively situated in the wholesome, always-green pines of balmy Piedmont Carolina. Delightful, too, because of the true Southern hospitality within its doors. Write for information to

JOHN C. WALLER,
Manager.



(Continued from page 35)

understand that the famous welkin was silent at least for a night. As the historic gong adjoining it has recently had small cause for pealing—even though it wasn't cracked and could master the operation, we at once have the plural noun "dumbbells." Simple, is it not? The rather human head expressing "been" is there to give a modern touch to our ensemble and it should be no trouble to discover that the lit-up "N" is "enlightened" and the lit-up menial is "made happy"; that the pictureless frame is "artless" and that "contributions" is represented by the hand dropping coins in the plate. "Wisecracker", "reformed" and "harmless" is kindergarten stuff.

The first volume shown in the ensuing sentence is a philosophical treatise by Immanuel Kant and we have "can't" without very much trouble and the following tome should speak for itself. That it is a "good work" is generally known and those associated with the environments in which it is regarded the most highly, should have no difficulty in guessing the organ "stop." The two bottles of perfume will be recognized as "common sense" in many parts of our country and "or", "casting" and "reflections" should come to the most simple mind. Even Dora would know that the letter "G" is a "character" but we caution the solver not to mistake "issue", expressed in the group in our conclusion, as either "Swiss Family Robinson" or "Our Gang."

We now have: "As all the letters that jam our mails are filled with adverse criticisms, we yearn to go abroad or reappear amid the scenes of our childhood; just the same we may stick to our guns and refuse to be dismissed. Lots of dumbbells have been enlightened and made happy by these artless contributions and many a wisecracker reformed and made harmless. You can't stop our good work by under-rating our common sense or casting reflections on our character. Wait and see next issue."

Simple, isn't it? What marvelous things can be done with the brain—if any—when directed in the right way! The Indians and early Egyptians conducted all their correspondence in this fashion and it has nothing at all to do with the fact that there are now so few Indians and early Egyptians.

HOOVER EATS TURKEY,
LAYS CORNER STONE
—Dallas News.
Ouch!

1st Prize



Florence D.
Walden
Hollywood, Cal.

WHY ① CHANGED-TO-MARLBORO CONTEST

(For Other Prize Winners Watch Magazines And Newspapers)

In a restaurant recently I commented on the beauty and distinguished appearance of a woman seated nearby. My companion, a well-known attorney, glanced at her and remarked indifferently,

"Yes, but she SPOILS it all by smoking a cheap cigarette."

Needless to say, that tip was my reason for changing to Marlboros.

Florence D. Walden

... 55% more
in safety and
enjoyment at
only 5 cents
more in price

MARLBORO
PLAIN or IVORY TIPPED
America's finest cigarette



At the Club:—

"Look at the ice on that fairway!
Wish I could join you fellows for
Florida Friday, but I'm tied up
until three o'clock."

"That's all right. We can leave
New York on the 'Florida Special'
at 3.30 this year and still play 18
holes the next day."

"Great! Count me in!"

NEW YORK (Penna. Sta.) . . . Lv. 3.30 P.M.
PALM BEACH Ar. 7.23 P.M.
MIAMI Ar. 9.10 P.M.

The FLORIDA SPECIAL

45th
SEASON

28 HOURS TO PALM BEACH
Via The Double Track—Sea Level Route
B. F. FULLER, A.G.P.A., 8 W. 40 St., N. Y. Tel. LACK. 4-7080

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The Standard Railroad of the South

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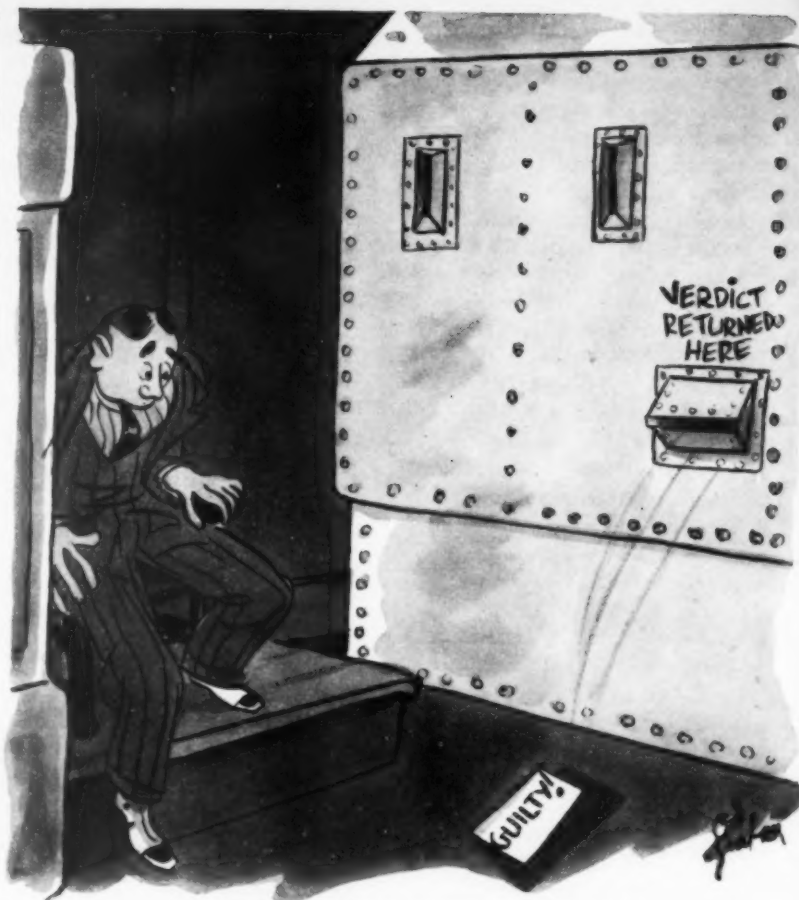
FIFTH AVENUE
AT SIXTY-FIRST STREET
NEW YORK

Single Rooms
and Suites

for
Transient or Extended
Visits

A Famous Restaurant

CHARLES PIERRE
President and Managing Director



Suggested design for a gangster trial jury box.

Life's DOG Calendar... 1932

Going...

Going...

Still a few left!



"LAST CALL" COUPON MAIL TODAY

Life Publishing Co.
60 East 42nd St., New York
Gentlemen: I enclose \$..... for which
please send to the list of addresses at-
tached (or to me at the address be-
low), of Life's DOG CALEN-
DARS for 1932, at \$1.00 each.

Name _____
Street _____
City _____ State _____

L 2

You're too late, now, for good reso-
lutions—but not too late to order
Life's fetching DOG CALENDAR.
Eleven more months to enjoy these
big, memorable dog pictures in col-
ors, by NELL HOTT and EDWINA.
Also a vignette series of popular
little SINBAD running throughout
the year. Size, 10 by 14 inches, six
pages. Here's your last chance! The
coupon tells you how.



Abbott's
BITTERS

Use a Tablespoon in a
Glass of Ginger Ale or
Water. A Good Tonic
and Palatable.

Sample of Bitters by
mail 25 cts.
C. W. ABBOTT & CO.
Baltimore, Md.

JUDGE—When your husband be-
came a film star, you say he trans-
ferred his affections to another?
WIFE—Yes, your Honor—to him-
self!

..

A radio station has adopted the
slogan: "The best is best." The net-
works, we hear, are considering:
"Songs from contented baritones."

CORNS-SORE TOES

—relieved in ONE minute
by these thin, healing, safe
pads! They remove the cause
—shoe friction and pressure.

Dr. Scholl's
Zino-pads



Sizes also for
Callouses and Bunions



Hotel ST. MORITZ ON THE PARK

50 CENTRAL PARK SO., N. Y.
Direction: S. Gregory Taylor

The double joy of living "in the Continental manner" . . . with American economy . . . exists in all the world . . . at the Hotel St. Moritz only.

For permanent or transient residence. Luncheon served in the Sky Salon. Dinner- and supper-dancing in the Grill. Tea at RUMPELMAYER'S . . .



Green-Eyed Monster

Mr. Simeon Trigg stepped between his wife and the street door.

"Where you going?" he demanded.

"Out!" she replied, scornfully. "Let me pass!"

"I won't!" he snarled, "unless I know where you're going, and where you've been going every after-noon for the last three weeks!"

"That's my business!" she said. "Let me out!"

"You think I don't know, hey?" he raged. "You've been going to see that young chiropractor; that's where! I'm stoppin' that affair, right now! You ain't leaving this house!"

"You old fool!" she cried. "I tell you I'm going to him for treatment; get out of my way!"

"Think I ain't wise to you, hey?" The angry man seized her by the arm, twisting it until she sank on her knees and cried out in pain. "I'll give you treatment, by God!"

"Oh," she sobbed. "Let me go to him—don't you understand?—He kneads me!"

—Dana L. Cotie



"Ta' hill wi' expinces!"



The Portal

WARM sunshiny Florida has a hill and lake country. Here the ground undulates and rolls and the landscape is lake jewelled and stream silvered. Right in the heart of this beautiful section, you will find a delightful hotel with that most enjoyable table and all the niceties of modern efficient hotel service so characteristic of the Florida-Collier Coast Hotels. Convenient to the hotel are two golf courses which may be played by arrangement. Wire reservations or write for folder to J. B. Pickard, Manager.

Hotel LAKELAND TERRACE LAKELAND, FLORIDA

GO TO FLORIDA



THIS YEAR

"Chic" Sale—The Specialist

tells about
Joe Turner's Nerves



ONE day last week Joe Turner was drivin' a city feller out the Franklin Pike. Jest as they got to the railroad tracks along come a train, so naturally Joe pulled up right quick to let it pass. It was a close shave and the city feller was white as a sheet. Joe jest laughed and sez: "Good thing it didn't hit us because I've got four dozen eggs there in the back of the car."

Well sir, the city feller jest stared at Joe. Then he laughed and sez: "You sure have got steady nerves, ain't you?"

"Shucks," sez Joe, "anybody that keeps healthy has steady nerves." And he handed the feller a little blue tin box of chocolate tablets. "Take these," he sez, "and they'll keep you healthy."

"I wouldn't want to git in the habit of takin' things," sez the city feller.

Joe sez: "Go ahead and eat 'em. They ain't any more habit formin' than fried chicken."

Chic Sale

It's a great thing to know that the laxative you are taking has a scientific basis. That's the big point about Ex-Lax, those "little chocolate tablets in the blue tin box."

Ex-Lax combines a delicious chocolated base with the scientific ingredient—phenolphthalein—of the right quality, in the right proportion, in the right dose. At all drug stores 10c, 25c, 50c, or send the coupon for sample.

Keep "regular" with
EX-LAX
The Chocolated Laxative

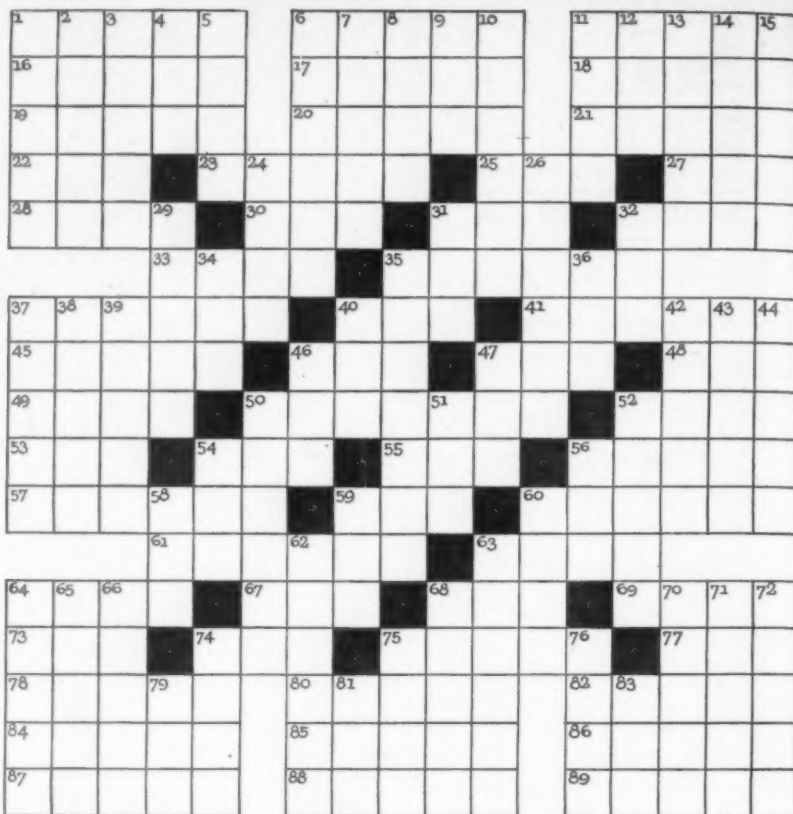
FREE SAMPLE OF EX-LAX
and "CHIC" SALE'S WELLS CORNERS GAZETTE

Name _____

Address _____

Mail this coupon to Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170,
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y. W22

LIFE'S Cross Word Puzzle



ACROSS

1. These show up at the Follies.
6. They give away raspberries.
11. Found on the backs of envelopes.
16. Pertaining to birds.
17. There's no sense to this one.
18. This gets in the soup.
19. Headress.
20. Nodule of rock containing crystals.
21. A snake in the grass.
22. Insect.
23. Not a church goer.
25. A joker.
27. Idle.
28. Go ahead, see if we care.
30. Not so good.
31. Anything precious.
32. Appropriate.
33. This is taken on horse-back.
35. To do wrong by our Nell.
37. Great Hat!
40. Puss-in-the-corner.
41. A loose slipper.
45. Full of pep.
46. Chum.
47. You'll probably lay down on this.
48. Beverage.
49. A small inlet.
50. Shows off.
52. A metal.
53. Self.
54. A hit.
55. A poke in the ribs.
56. Correct.
57. A hunting-dog.
59. Object.
60. Slight faults.
61. Come back.
63. People get all hot up over this.
64. A regular clown.
67. This is kept in a pen.
68. A soft cushion.
69. The light of the Old Homestead.
73. Topsy's pal.
74. Pet idea.
75. Slang.
77. The legal profession.
78. Capital of Idaho.
80. Unknown, Contr.
82. To slur over.
84. A competitor.
85. Just a racket.
86. Fizzy drinks.
87. A top-notchier.
88. All over.
89. Checks.

DOWN

1. Mortal.
2. This is pretty sheepish.
3. A lasso.
4. To disfigure.
5. A sharp spell of weather.
6. You'll have to shake a leg to do this.
7. We ask nothing better.
8. A big brute.
9. A fox.
10. Plain boiled.
11. Hats off to this.
12. Youth.
13. To muddle up.
14. A fold in a dress.
15. Textile fabric.
24. An opera by Verdi.
26. Entertains.
29. The shepherds flock.
31. To win.
32. Humans.
34. Temper.
35. A Sultan of Egypt.
36. No gentleman.
37. These are made up in beauty shops.
38. Funeral oration.
39. What the golf player dug up.
40. This takes steering.
42. Challenges.
43. All by herself.
44. Loans.
46. To handle clumsily.
47. To ask as a favor.
50. Shakespearean heroine.
51. Somewhat faint.
52. To drive along.
54. Tiny.
56. River in Switzerland.
58. Subject to strain.
59. An old vessel.
60. Fashionable beach.
62. A water sprite.
63. All tired out.
64. Wild animal.
65. To keep away.
66. Artless as a child.
68. This is not found in the poetry books.
70. Wait a while.
71. The lady of the house.
72. The daily papers.
74. This makes hats.
75. Biting.
76. Hardy heroine.
79. This runs up trees.
81. Negative prefix.
83. Biblical character.

WANT A COLOR
COPY OF THIS
FOR FRAMING?

A beautiful full-color reprint of this picture, enlarged, on heavy art paper without any advertising on it, will be sent on receipt of 4¢ in stamps and the circular top of the outside wrapper of a Listerine bottle. Address Dept. L. W. 4, Lambert Pharmacal Company, 2101 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo.



To guard against, to treat Sore Throat *gargle Listerine—reduces mouth germs 98%*

Do you realize that even in normal mouths millions of germs breed, waiting until resistance is low to strike?

Among them are the *Micrococcus Catarrhalis*, associated with head colds; the dangerous *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus), *Pneumococcus* (pneumonia), and the *Streptococcus Hemolyticus*, so largely responsible for sore throat.

How important it is to help nature fight these germs by means of a mouth wash and gargle capable of swiftly destroying them.

Fifty years of medical, hospital, laboratory, and general experience clearly prove Listerine to be the ideal antiseptic and germicide for this purpose.

It is non-poisonous, safe to use full strength in any amount,

and is, at the same time, one of the most powerful germicides known when used full strength.

Within 15 seconds it kills the *Bacillus Typhosus* (typhoid) and even *Staphylococcus Aureus* (pus), the germ generally used to test antiseptic power because of its resistance to germicides.

Recent exhaustive tests show that full strength Listerine, when used as a gargle, reduces the number of germs in the mouth 98%. Thus, the mouth is left healthy, fresh, clean.

Under all ordinary conditions of health, the morning and night gargle with Listerine is deemed sufficient. But when you are coming down with a cold or sore throat, it is wise to gargle with Listerine every two hours in order to combat the swiftly multiplying germs. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

THE SAFE ANTISEPTIC

Kills 200,000,000 germs in fifteen seconds (*fastest killing time accurately recorded by science*)

"Cream of
the Crop"



"There's none so good as LUCKIES"

SHE'S MISCHIEVOUS, RESTLESS AND 20, WEIGHS 112 POUNDS. Miss Harlow has smoked Luckies for two years... not one cent was paid for her signed statement. She rose to stardom in "Hell's Angels"... and if you've seen her now COLUMBIA PICTURE, "THREE WISE GIRLS," you'll understand why thousands of girls are trying to match her riotous platinum blonde locks. We appreciate all she writes of Luckies, and so we say, "Thanks, Jean Harlow."

"I've tried all cigarettes and there's none so good as LUCKIES. And incidentally I'm careful in my choice of cigarettes. I have to be because of my throat. Put me down as one who always reaches for a LUCKY. It's a real delight to find a Cellophane wrapper that opens without an ice pick." *Jean Harlow*

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough
And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh